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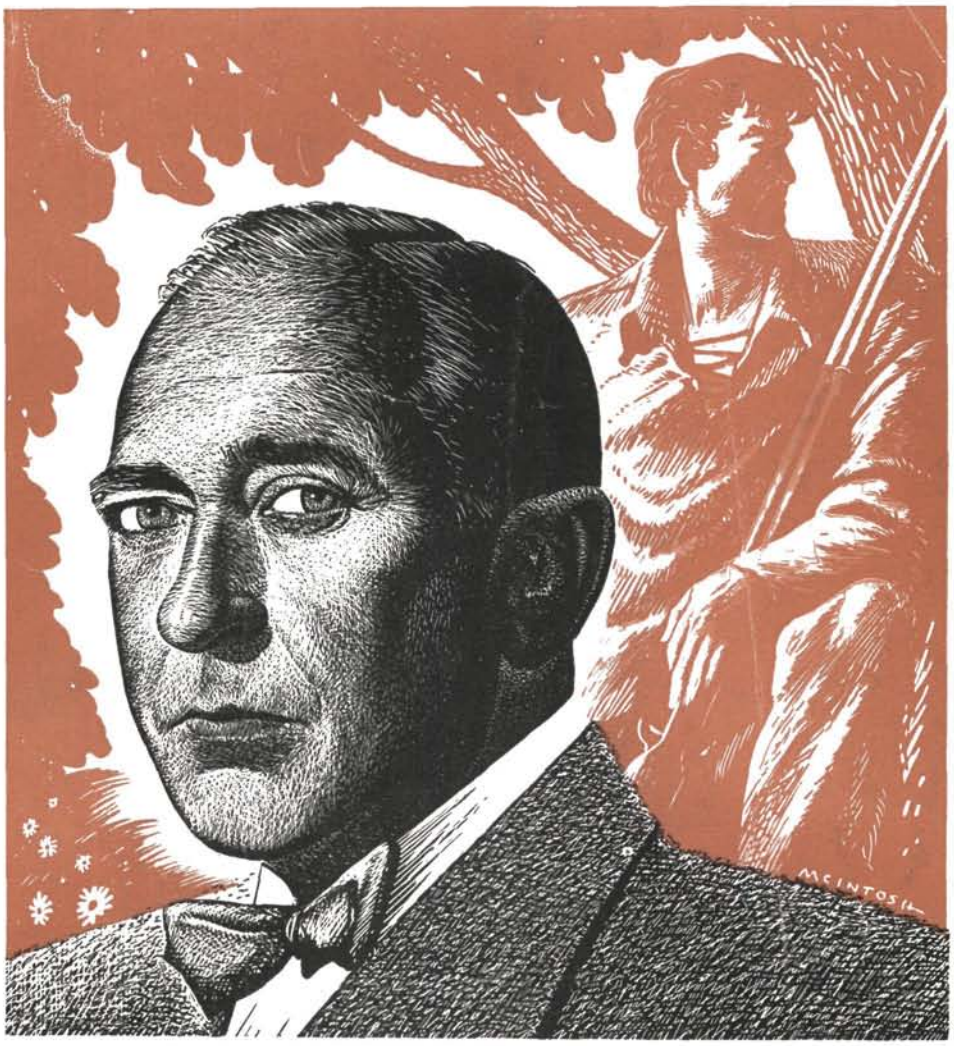

Edward Stanley, author of "Thomas Forty." (See page 21)

Why I Remain a Negro

By WALTER WHITE

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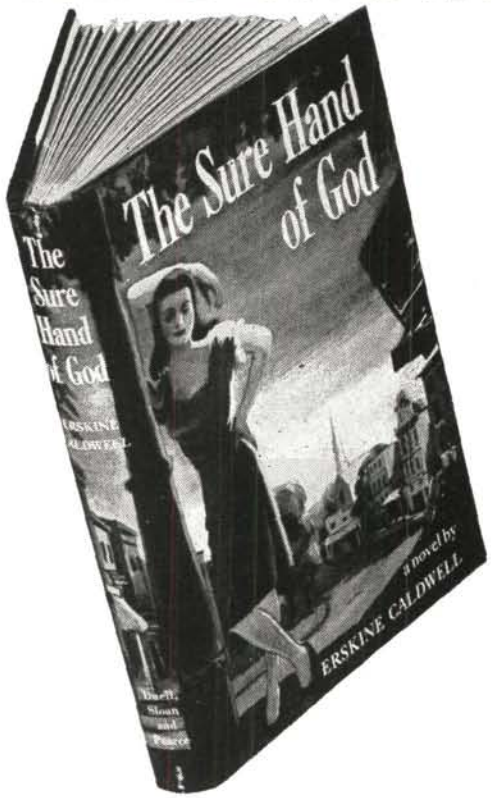

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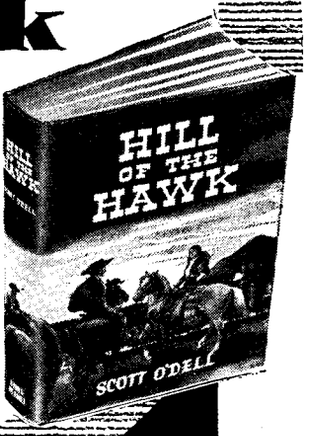

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 41, October 11, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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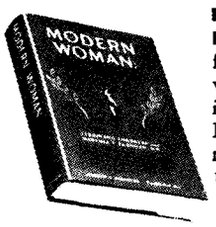

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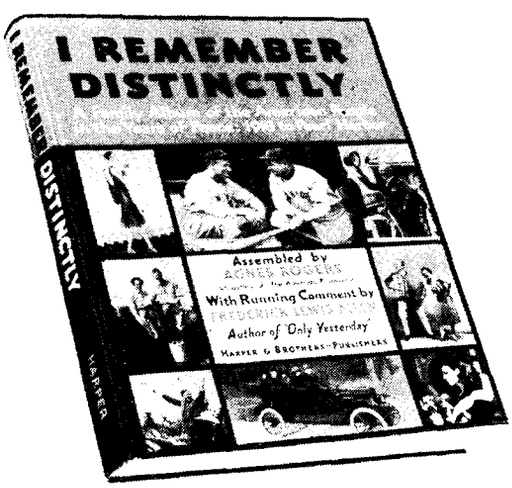

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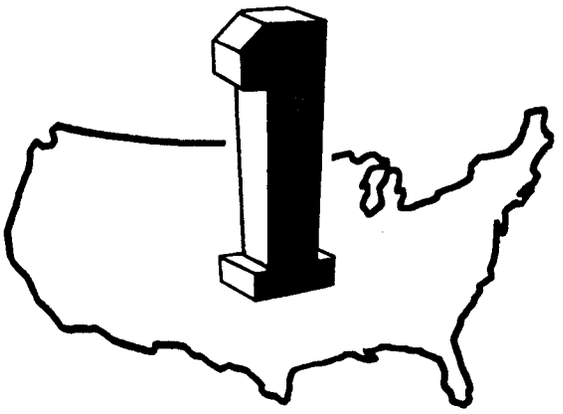

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TRADE Winds

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a new novel by J. B. Priestley, called "Jenny Villiers," to be published by Harper's on October 29, brings to mind his first lecture tour in America several years ago, when he evidently decided in advance that the surest way to get publicity and attract crowds was to make disparaging remarks about America and insult his audiences in general. The technique was debatable from the standpoint of taste, but it brought such unquestioned results that many a subsequent British lecturer took a leaf from his book.

In his very first lecture in New York, Priestley ran into difficulties. "I've been in dozens of American homes," he announced unequivocally, "and found copies of 'Main Street' in most of them. But in only one copy out of twenty had the pages been cut!" Sinclair Lewis promptly issued a statement that read, "In the first place, I do not understand how Mr. Priestley could have visited 'dozens of American homes' within a few hours of his landing in this country. In the second place, there *are* no copies of 'Main Street' with pages uncut."

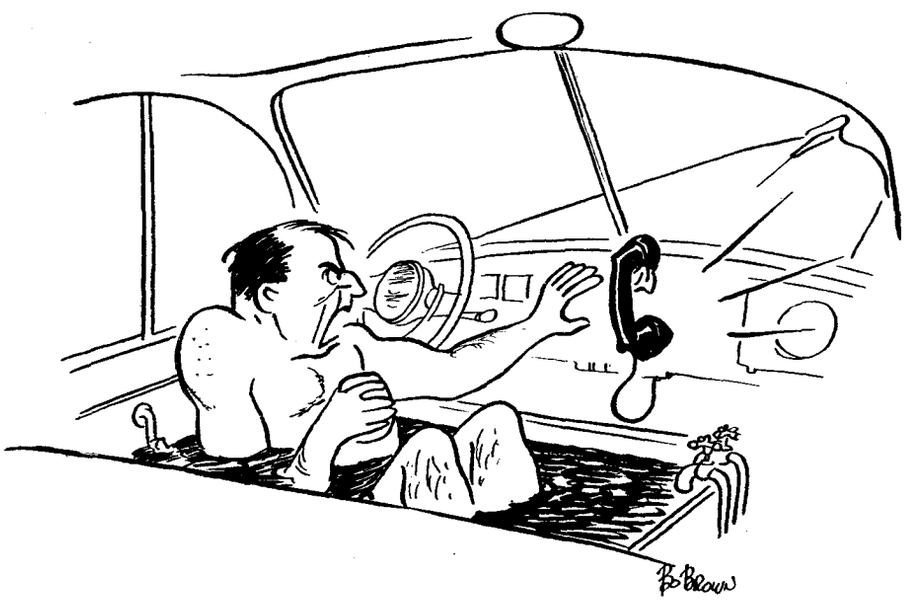
Priestley changed his act for the second performance. . . .

UNCUT PAGES of a novel were once a decisive factor in an important plagiarism case. When Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" was the reigning success of the Broadway season, the inevitable crackpot appeared to charge it was stolen from her privately printed masterpiece. O'Neill protested bitterly that he never had heard of either the lady or her novel, but she produced a statement in court which showed that she had mailed a copy to Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild, producer of "Strange Interlude."

Langner, on the witness stand, had a sudden inspiration. "Limited editions usually are numbered," he said. "What was the number of the copy you sent me?" "Number fifteen," proclaimed the lady triumphantly, "and I have the record here to prove it." Langner asked for a recess, rushed down to his house, and returned with Copy Number Fifteen of the book—with all the pages uncut.

The judge threw the case out of court. . . .

BOSTON BLUEBLOODS are proud of Ted Weeks, editor of their *Atlantic Monthly*. And San Francisco sings the praises of Joe Jackson, literary arbiter of the Pacific Coast. Both boys were born within hailing distance of Newark, New Jersey. . . . Clever name Ruth Brown, of Viking, has chosen for her Spanish-type dream-house: Nogales. . . . When Irita Van Doren, editor of *Herald Tribune* "Books," visited Japan last winter, she found U. S. Occupation officers principally occupied with trying to keep warm. A few days after her arrival, the Japanese servant in the house where she was staying came into the breakfast room, his teeth chattering, and announced, "I know this is Christmas Day, and that on such a day you do not wish to hear bad news. So I will not tell you until tomorrow that we have no more coal!" . . . Larry Marks, in the *Authors' League Bulletin*, cites the sad case of an agent who worried himself into such a state that he suffered an almost complete retrogression to his former occupation (tailor). He began to describe his writers as "Swatches," and, referring to literary material, would say, "The story has too much padding in the shoulders," or, "Make the ending half an inch shorter and not so baggy." The climax came when, in trying to sell a manuscript to a cautious publisher, he shouted, "All I want you to do is *feel* his material!" . . .



"Every time I get in the tub, that darn phone rings!"

AMATEUR NOVELISTS resort to a number of tricks, when they submit novels to publishers, whereby they hope to make sure that their efforts actually have been read, and not returned automatically. Some leave out a page deliberately, some purposely put leaves in the wrong order. Unfortunately, experienced editors are entirely familiar with these harmless little devices.

Random House recently rejected a novel whose author wrote back indignantly, "I happen to know that nobody in your office so much as read my manuscript." "Oh yes, we did," answered one of the editors, "and we left page 99 upside down because that was the way you submitted it." . . .

THINGS TO COME. . . . Thornton Wilder has finished his latest novel about Julius Caesar and named it "The Ides of March." It will headline the Harper mid-winter list. . . . Houghton Mifflin announces that John C. Winant's story of his wartime ambassadorship to the Court of St. James will be titled "A Letter from Grosvenor Square: The Account of a Stewardship." . . . John Day will publish "Far and Near," another collection of stories by Pearl Buck. . . . Macmillan's expect from England G. B. Stern's "No Son of Mine," Richard Llewellyn's "Flowers for Shiner," and new novels by Phyllis Bentley and Charles Morgan. . . . William Sloane Associates will follow up their BOMC-Mauldin entry with a novel by Ex-Private Hargrove. . . . And Longmans, Green are delighting boys and girls of fifty and over by reviving the Andrew Lang Color Fairy Books, long unavailable. The Crimson and Violet Fairy Books are about ready, and the others will follow in due course. Modern child psychologists decry the effect of most fairy tales on the young,

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but there's nothing to stop parents from reading them themselves. . . .

MAX SCHUSTER, back from a few days at an ultra-fashionable hotel, tells me that the next time he goes there it will be out-of-season. "I understand," he says, "that in the slack months they reduce their rates from outrageous to merely exorbitant." On the train coming home Max met a young editor "preparing a dummy for a new magazine—or vice versa." . . . Boston's Old Corner Bookshop recently celebrated Irving Jones's fiftieth anniversary as a member of the staff. Among the dozens of neophytes who learned the gentle art of book-selling at Jonesy's hands was a young sprout named Christopher Morley. . . . Paramount recently sent out telegrams inviting the town's elite to a cocktail party in honor of their visiting top-executive, D. A. Doran. "Phone your acceptances to Room Such-and-such," concluded the wires. Doran himself happened to be the only one in that room one lunch-hour, so he answered the phone when it rang. "I'm coming to your party all right," said a voice over the phone, "but who the hell is D. A. Doran?" . . .

LIN YUTANG'S new book, "The Gay Genius," is the story of Su Tungpo, who was China's eleventh-century equivalent of a Broadway wit and columnist. "Y. T." selects this as a typical anecdote:

> Once upon a time there was a poor scholar who was so poor that he had no money to buy bread. He was famished, and thought of a way to get some bread to eat. He went to the outside of a bakery where stood a big crowd in the street. Upon catching sight of the buns, he gave out a loud scream, ran away in fright, and then fell upon the ground. The crowd gathered around him and asked him what he was frightened of. "Those buns!" the scholar replied. Everybody laughed; they had never heard of such a thing. Incredulous, the owner of the bakery shop wanted to test him. He induced the scholar to go into a room where he had placed a big pile of buns, and watched him from a key-hole. Happy at the success of his stratagem, the scholar dug into the pile with both hands and began to gorge himself. Greatly touched, the baker broke into the room and said kindly to him, "is there anything else you are afraid of?"
>
> "I am now afraid of a really good cup of hot tea," replied the scholar. . . .

A VERY DIGNIFIED lady entered Ray Washburne's bookshop in Williamstown, and announced that she was looking for something "new and good" to read. Washburne suggested Pat Frank's "Mr. Adam." "What's it about?" she asked. "Well," said Washburne, "an atomic bomb suddenly renders every male in the world completely sterile—everyone but a single fortunate chap, that is, who was working deep in a mine shaft at the time of the explosion, and emerges with his powers unimpaired. You can imagine the spot in which he finds himself then!" "It sounds very interesting," agreed the dignified lady. "Tell me, *is it fiction or non-fiction?*"

BENNETT CERF.

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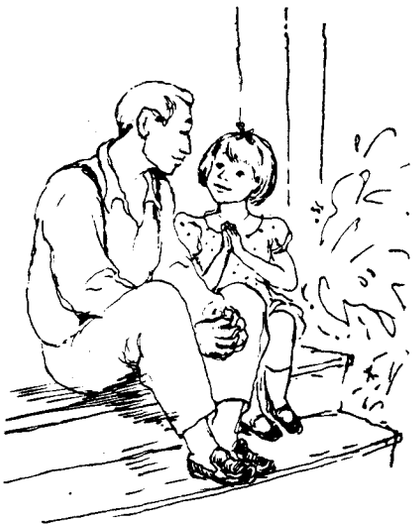


From where Uncle George and I sat on the back porch

...anything could happen, and often did. There was the day we fooled the dog catcher; the time the watermelon stole the Model T and drove it downtown; the night we met the ghost next door; and—well, just look:

UNCLE GEORGE and I sat on the back fence and peered over. There, stretched out below us and curving up to us, was the great black sky, and swimming in the bottom, in direct line with our noses, was the moon, full and shining It seemed like a warm pearl in the cool vast sky — smooth, perfectly shaped, and light as a bubble.

"I want it," I said.

"You want the moon?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it for you," said Uncle George.

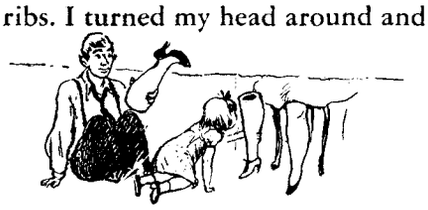
* * * * *

Uncle George seldom had over twenty-five cents in his pocket at one time. Of course he had other things like lemon drops and his watch and some dirty handkerchiefs, but as far as cash was concerned, twenty-five cents seemed to be his financial limit.

That is, of course, up until the time he discovered his secret gold mine.

* * * * *

The ladies of the Toilers for the Lord Society held their covered-dish luncheon at our house—they were talking away overhead in waves of preliminary conversation before they really settled down to topics. Around me (under the table) was the warm sweet smell peculiar to ladies. I sat, scarcely daring to breathe for fear I would be discovered. Then I noticed the legs circling me—short legs, long legs, skinny legs, and, mostly, fat legs . . . Suddenly I felt a nudge in the ribs. I turned my head around and saw Uncle George sitting on the other side of the pedestal which held the table up. "Hand me a leg," he said.



One night," said Uncle George, "I was sitting in the corner booth having a root beer when all of a sudden WHAM I burped, and PLUNK, there on the table in front of me was a genuine two-carat diamond, blue-white . . . the next day I drank twenty-four bottles of root beer and burped twenty-eight genuine, mind you, diamonds. But do you see what was happening?"

"What?" I asked.

"I drank TWENTY-FOUR bottles and burped TWENTY-EIGHT diamonds . . . I was getting either one and one sixth diamonds per bottle or I was getting four diamonds *independent of the root beer!*"

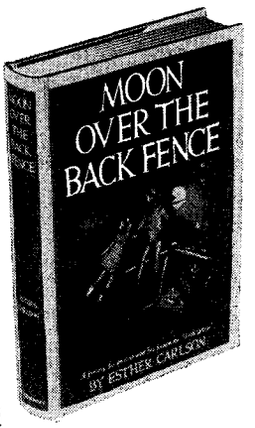
* * * * *

Ellen, the heroine of MOON OVER BACK FENCE, *will remind you of Alice, for she still lives in the wonderland of childhood that only a few writers have been able to recreate.* VIRGINIA KIRKUS calls it, "Amusing, tender, nostalgic, this is successful adult recall of a childhood fantasy world." *Let it carry you back to the poignant half-imagined world of your youth.*

At your bookseller's, $2.50 DOUBLEDAY

MOON OVER THE BACK FENCE

by Esther Carlson



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NOW YOU, TOO...

WHEN WE WERE at boarding school we used to play a game called Fly-Lou. It seemed to us then, as it does still, just about the perfect game for one of sedentary habits and an adventurous and fatalistic attitude toward life, such as all book publishers sooner or later acquire. Unlike gin rummy, which has nearly as many variations as love-making, there is only one way to play it. Except in the warm countries, springtime and summer are the best, if not only, seasons for Fly-Lou, and the number of players is limited solely by the size of the room. Each contestant is provided with a piece of candy—to insure fairness, they should all be of the same kind—which he moistens well and places upon a dollar bill in the center of a table. Almost any sort of candy will do, but we used to stipulate chocolate, simply because we particularly enjoy moistening chocolate. If played by schoolboys and/or editors, a coin of small denomination may be substituted for the dollar bill. A screenless window is opened, and the players seat themselves in silence about the table. In time—and whatever time may elapse may be spent in well-bred, elevating conversation—a fly, or flies, will enter the window. If it alights upon your piece of candy, you take all the money. As simple as that. We were once suspended temporarily from the Fifth Form Fly-Lou and Entomological Society for whinnying when a horse-fly came into the room, but except for that one, graceless lapse, we always played the game like the little gentlemen we were.

Sometimes, with several flies involved, there are close photo-finishes, which are then decided by play-offs. We have been told that at Princeton University, in New Jersey, this game is played with mosquitoes, using living Freshmen in place of candies, but we have no verification of this, and believe that the correct way to play Fly-Lou is the one we have given you here, as it is played in the Fly Club at Harvard.

We don't know whether or not Oswald Jacoby has ever turned his analytical mind to Fly-Lou, and we mean to ask him, as one game sport to another, but we do know that he is the von Clausewitz of the green baize table, a man of almost clairvoyant strategies and finesses who, it is said, habitually sleeps on a card table. He left Columbia University to become an actuary, which, without looking it up, we would say is a man who figures the odds on the insurance business. It was in the cards, you might say, for such a lucid and logical mind as Mr. Jacoby's to turn its attention to the odds on poker, and when he started really fooling around with bridge, he ended up the world's leading bridge player not once, but five times. He has recently retired from bridge, he tells us, burned his bridge behind him, and has now made himself such an authority on gin rummy that we felt that if he kept his encyclopaedic knowledge of the game to himself any longer it would be just plain cheating. We don't have final statistics available on how many people are playing gin rummy in this country today, on trains, ships, horseback, in restaurants, duplexes, coldwater flats, estates-cum-swimming pools and Quonset huts, but we'd like very much to know. One of the happiest ways to find out, of course, would be to sell a copy of Oswald Jacoby's GIN RUMMY to every man, woman and Old-Line Republican in the land. Then we could simply count up the copies sold and we'd know how many gin-players there are. The way we feel about Jacoby's book since reading it, makes us think the odds against our doing it are not so great, after all. We are also out to proselytize the people (and there must be some) who think it is a cocktail, composed of equal parts of.

The game of gin rummy, Oswald Jacoby says, is so simple that anyone who knows it can teach it to you in five minutes. Like swimming: you can learn all the strokes, plain and fancy, in one evening, lying on your stummick on the living-room floor; but the water is another thing. If you have a smart wife who plays gin rummy with you, you can go along for a long time without knowing whether you are really good or not, because she will always let you win. But there's a lot more to GR than just matching up cards or arranging them in sequences, and the game has become as regional and tricky as a hill-billy radio singer. They're all here, in this gin-soaked little book of Jacoby's; not only the chapters headed FOR BEGINNERS ONLY and TACTICS AND STRATEGY FOR EXPERTS; DETECTIVE WORK and VARIATIONS and THE MATHEMATICS OF GIN (look, read it yourselves, we never have learned how to catalogue in context) but a whole section called GIN AROUND THE COUNTRY, which tells how the game is played in Dallas, Cincinnati, Washington, Fort Worth, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Richmond, New York, Chicago and points West, on Track Number Twelve. In Towanda they play it straight and cautious, Pennsylvania style, looking out over the Susquehanna River.

Some people say that it is a game that monkeys can play as well as men. Maybe so, but not just any monkey. We were once beaten five games straight, down 792 points, by a middle-aged chimpanzee whom we caught three times cheating on the discards, but he was no ordinary primate. We found out he had spent three years at Harvard with Hooton.

Just between us, this book is so clear and instructive and generally helpful, that our advice is to get hold of a copy, if you don't want to be taken for a monkey the next time you play gin rummy.

GIN RUMMY
by OSWALD JACOBY
$2.25

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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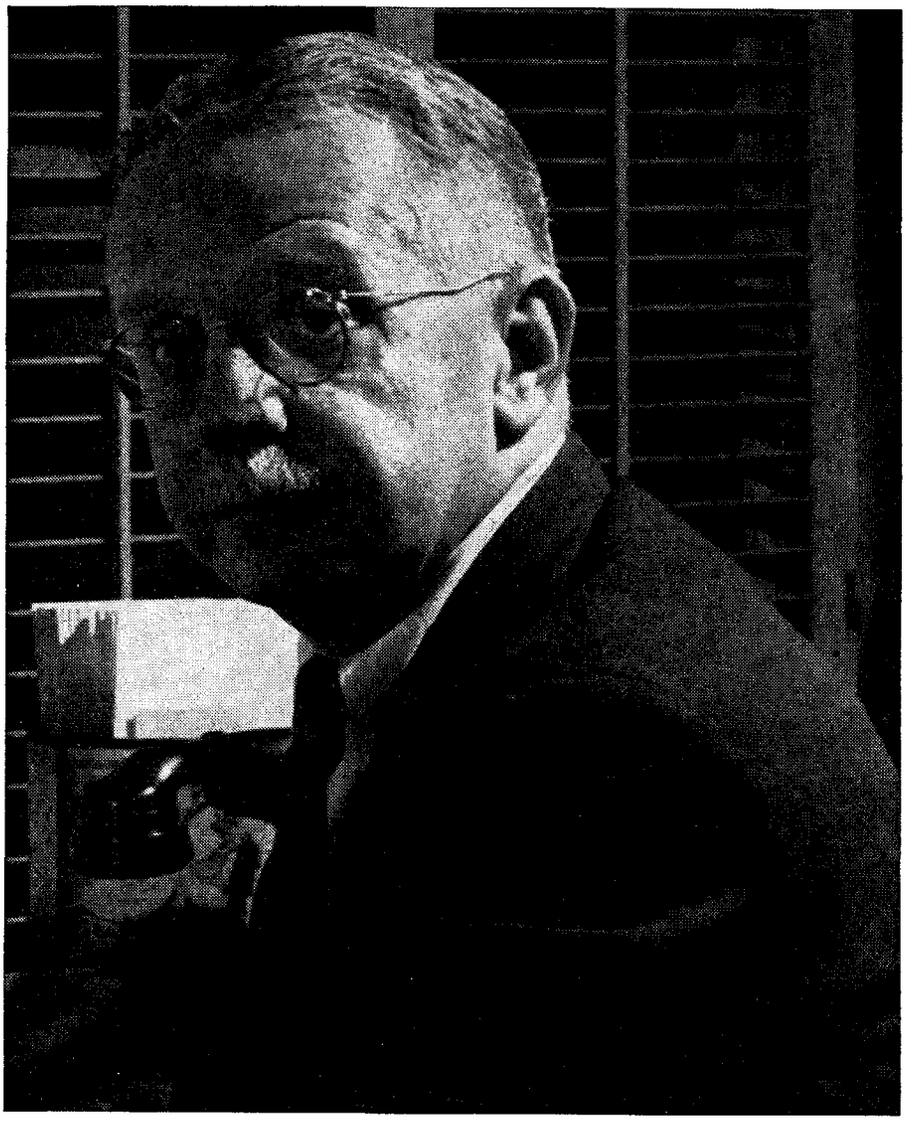
The Saturday Review of Literature

Why I Remain A Negro

WALTER WHITE



WALTER WHITE: *"Suppose the skin of every Negro in America were suddenly to turn white. What would happen to all the notions about Negroes?" Executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People since 1931, Mr. White's books include two novels, "Fire in the Flint" and "Flight"; a book on lynching, "Rope and Faggot," and "A Rising Wind," his observations as war correspondent. Most of his fifty-four years have been devoted to a fight for Negro rights which has taken him all over the United States, and to Europe and Asia. His headquarters are in New York City.*

THE SCENE was a New York duplex apartment. The people were liberals, economically as well as intellectually well off. They were discussing the race question. I had been invited to speak. One of the women, listening, seemed agitated by something I had said. She scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it to another woman, a woman whose skin was reddish brown,, a woman who was probably colored. "Is Mr. White white or colored?" the message inquired. The other scribbled an answer and passed it back. "I am Mrs. White," the reply said. The white woman, reading it, became excited. Hastily she penciled a comment: "What a wonderful talk! This is the first time I've had the opportunity to hear him."

I am a Negro. My skin is white, my eyes are blue, my hair is blond. The traits of my race are nowhere visible upon me. Not long ago I stood one morning on a subway platform in Harlem. As the train came in I stepped back for safety. My heel came down upon the toe of the man behind me. I turned to apologize to him. He was a Negro, and his face as he stared at me was hard and full of the piled-up bitterness of a thousand lynchings and a million nights in shacks and tenements and "nigger towns." "Why don't you look where you're going?" he said sullenly. "You white folks are always trampling on colored people." Just then one of my friends came up and asked how the fight had gone in Washington—there was a filibuster against legislation for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission. The Negro on whose toes I had stepped listened, then spoke to me penitently.

"Are you Walter White of the NAACP? I'm sorry I spoke to you that way. I thought you were white."

I am not white. There is nothing within my mind and heart which tempts me to think I am. Yet I realize acutely that the only characteristic which matters to either the white or the colored race—the appearance of whiteness—is mine. White is the rejection of all color; black is the absorption of every shade. There is magic in a white skin; there is tragedy, loneliness, exile, in a black skin. Why then do I insist that I am a Negro, when nothing compels me to do so but myself?

WHY did the white woman who listened to me speaking become flustered when the woman she chose for her question turned out to be my wife? What made her confused, bewildered, and incapable of direct and efficient communication? It was the enigma of a black man occupying a white body, the presentation in fact of a theory to which millions give lip service, never really believing it is so—that all men are brothers under the skin.

The lady's agitation was natural. Suppose the skin of every Negro in

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America were suddenly to turn white. What would happen to all the notions about Negroes, the idols on which are built race prejudice and race hatred? What would become of their presumed shiftlessness, their cowardice, their dishonesty, their stupidity, their body odor? Would they not merge with the shiftlessness, the cowardice, the dishonesty, the stupidity, and the body odor of the whites? Would they not then be subject to individual judgment in matters of abilities, energies, honesty, cleanliness, as are whites? How else *could* they be judged?

MANY Negroes are judged as whites. Every year approximately 12,000 white-skinned Negroes disappear—people whose absence cannot be explained by death or emigration. Nearly every one of the 14 million discernible Negroes in the United States knows at least one member of his race who is "passing"—the magic word which means that some Negroes can get by as whites, men and women who have decided that they will be happier and more successful if they flee from the proscription and humiliation which the American color line imposes on them. Often these emigrants achieve success in business, the professions, the arts and sciences. Many of them have married white people, lived happily with them, and produced families. Sometimes they tell their husbands or wives of their Negro blood, sometimes not. Who are they? Mostly people of no great importance, but some of them prominent figures, including a few members of Congress, certain writers, and several organizers of movements to "keep the Negroes and other minorities in their places." Some of the most vehement public haters of Negroes are themselves secretly Negroes.

They do not present openly the paradox of the color line. It is I, with my insistence, day after day, year in and year out, that I am a Negro, who provoke the reactions to which now I am accustomed: the sudden intake of breath, the bewildered expression of the face, the confusion of the eyes, the muddled fragmentary remarks—"But you do not look . . . I mean I would never have known . . . of course if you didn't want to admit . . ." Sometimes the eyes blink rapidly and the tongue, out of control, says, "Are you sure?"

I have tried to imagine what it is like to have me presented to a white person as a Negro, by supposing a Negro were suddenly to say to me, "I am white." But the reversal does not work, for whites can see no reason for a white man ever wanting to be black; there is only reason for a black man wanting to be white. That is the way whites think; that is the way their values are set up. It is the startling removal of the blackness which upsets people. Looking at me without knowing who I am, they disassociate me from all the characteristics of the Negro. Informed that I am a Negro they find it imposible suddenly to endow me with the skin, the odor, the dialect, the shuffle, the imbecile good nature. Instantly they are aware that these things are *not* part of me. Then they grope for the positive values of the race—genius at song, easy laughter, great strength, humility, manners. Alexander Percy said that the most polite people in the world are the American Negroes.

This shift to the virtues of the Negro is apt to be dangerous for me. Once a Southern lady, discovering my identity, entered into a long conversation with me, and suggested that I come to her home where we might enjoy a more intimate chat on race matters without being disturbed. She suggested a time. I said I would surely come, and that I would bring my wife, who would be equally interested in the discussion. The lady's

(*Continued on page 49*)

The Whites at home: Mrs. White was NAACP worker before marriage; daughter Jane is an actress; son Walter (not in picture) a student at Swarthmore College.

—Press Association.

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The present list was contributed by **Charles Luckman,** president of Lever Brothers Soap Co., who has just been appointed chairman of the President's new committee on food conservation.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF EDUCATIONAL WISDOM: SELECTIONS FROM GREAT DOCUMENTS, *edit. by Robert Ulich.*

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA, *by Jawaharlal Nehru*

TOGETHER: ANNALS OF AN ARMY WIFE, *by Katherine Tupper Marshall*

THE BASIC WORKS OF ARISTOTLE, *edit. by Richard McKeon.*

BRANDEIS: A FREE MAN'S LIFE, *by Alpheus Thomas Mason*

RECORDING BRITAIN, *edit. by Arnold Palmer*

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS, *by Douglas Southall Freeman*

MODERN SOAP MAKING, *by Thomssen and Kemp*

SECRET MISSIONS: THE STORY OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, *by Ellis M. Zacharias, Capt., USN*

MURDER PLAYS AN UGLY SCENE, *by L. A. G. Strong*

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Almanac for Fall Reading

A Reader's Guide to Coming Attractions

By AMY LOVEMAN

October

TWO noted novelists return to the lists, one in a book that brushes the skirts of tragedy throughout, the other in a tale that plays among gilded circles. Arnold Zweig's "The Axe of Wandsbeck" (Viking), long, somber, a prelude to still more terrible events than it describes, is a picture of Hamburg in 1937-1938 and of the impact of Nazism upon a varied group of Germans. Marcia Davenport's "East Side, West Side" (Scribners), on the other hand, has its locale in the resorts of wealthy Americans and is concerned with the personal problems of its characters, love, divorce, etc.

* *

A big month for biography. No one who is interested in writing, or seriously interested in literature, for the matter of that, can afford to miss "The Notebooks of Henry James" (Oxford University Press), edited by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. Here are the jottings which James made as ideas for his stories came to him, frequently as the result of a casual conversation, a bit of drawing-room gossip, or a remark by a fellow guest at some function, with the editors' notes tracing the development of his novels from these springboards to them. Along with the brief entries are longer interludes of personal history. This, like "The Journals of André Gide," recently published, is a "must" for writers.

* *

In "Juarez and His Mexico" (Viking), distinguished alike by its writing and its careful scholarship, Ralph Roeder has produced the first really satisfactory biography of his subject and with it a richly embroidered tapestry of his country and period.

* *

It is a safe guess that few Americans, unless they are students of Russian history, know much more of Potemkin than that he was the lover —indeed, the husband—, the counselor, and the statesman of Catherine the Great. Just how powerful he was at court and among the representatives of the foreign nations who made up the diplomatic circles of Russia, how passionately Catherine loved him, and how tempestuously and avidly he lived are vividly set forth in the spirited biography of him by George Soloveytchik, "Potemkin" (Norton).

* *

Music and poetry get their innings in Karl Geiringer's excellent "Brahms: His Life and Work" (Oxford University Press) and Lin Yutang's "The Gay Genius. The Life and Times of Su Tungpo" (Day), a biography of an eleventh-century Chinese poet-statesman.

* *

A present-day American who has been as controversial a figure as he is a valuable citizen gets portrayal in Richard Medland's "David Lilienthal: Guardian of the Peace" (Holt).

* *

Ruth McKenney returns to the annals of the family which she first introduced in "My Sister Eileen" in "The Loud Red Patrick" (Harcourt, Brace), the hilarious account of her grandfather, an Irish-American who loved Ireland and humanity, and who went his own way regardless of the reproachful glances of daughters and the conventions of their society.

* *

The wide public which has followed Van Wyck Brooks's studies in American literature will be delighted to know that the latest volume in his series carries his chronicle through "The Times of Melville and Whitman" (Dutton).

* *

The older generation to whom the First World War was a reality and not history will remember the part which George Creel played in it as chairman of President Wilson's Committee of Public Information and will be interested in his reminiscences, "Rebel at Large" (Putnam).

* *

George Rosen and Beate Caspari-Rosen have attempted a new sort of biography in "400 Years of a Doctor's Life" (Schuman), a volume in which through autobiographical excerpts and letters by physicians during four centuries they try to build up a picture of the medical man in all his relationships, not only the professional.

* *

This month sees the publication of three important books on the war, "The Battle of the Atlantic" (Little, Brown), by Samuel Eliot Morison, official historian of the Navy, "This Is Pearl!" (Morrow), by Walter Millis, one of the most illuminating accounts of the opening episode of America's war which has yet appeared, and "The Marines' War" (Sloane), by Fletcher Pratt, a record of heroic service worthy of its subject.

* *

Hudson Strode's earlier excellent book on Mexico should insure a wide interest in his forthcoming "Now in Mexico" (Harcourt, Brace).

* *

The first of two volumes by Francis Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is scheduled for this month. "The Tastes of Angels" (Atlantic Monthly Press) is purportedly a history of collecting in Europe but is actually a far broader work, for it is a study of the cultural and historical background of the centuries surveyed, along with its account of the great works of art collected during them.

* *

Preston Schoyer, who has spent many years of his life in China and who has written of it before with sympathy and understanding, has written a novel that is both exciting and illuminating in "The Indefinite River" (Dodd, Mead), the tale of an American Army Intelligence agent in East China during the war.

* *

Detective story fans have happy pastures to browse in in "Murder by Gaslight" (Prentice-Hall), edited by Edward K. Wagenknecht, which along with several other mystery classics contains "Lady Audley's Secret."

* *

The subtle and delicate portrayal which made Elizabeth Taylor's "At Mrs. Lippincote's" so interesting a novel is again present in "A View of the Harbour" (Knopf), a clever and amusing story concerning a group of neighbors in a British coast resort.

* *

An author hitherto known for her juveniles turns to adult fiction in "The Echoing Green" (Macmillan), by Eleanor Estes. This is a novel of

(*Continued on page* 54)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Roundup . . .

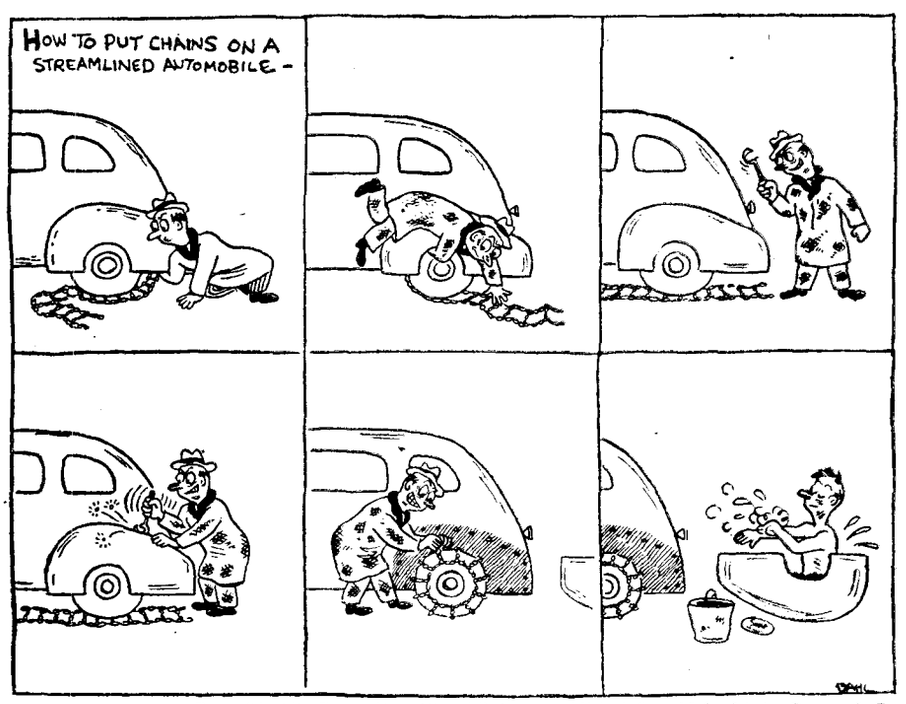
THE CLEANEST city I saw in America was Phoenix, Arizona; the dirtiest, Indianapolis, Indiana; the ugliest—with an intense, concentrated, degrading ugliness—Knoxville, Tennessee. The most beautiful house I saw was in Princeton, New Jersey; the ugliest building was a brewery in Spokane, Washington. The most crowded town I visited was San Diego, with Columbus, Ohio, as a close second choice; the least crowded was St. Louis. The most unexpectedly good hotels were in Denver, Salt Lake City, San Antonio, Kansas City, and Spokane; the worst was in Charleston, South Carolina. The best beef I ever ate was in Montana, and the best ice cream in Richmond, Virginia; the best single meal I had in America was in Milwaukee, and the worst—but I give up!

The ugliest state capitol I saw was in Concord, New Hampshire, the most charming, that in Montpelier, Vermont; the most dramatic that of Nebraska, with Louisiana and North Dakota runners-up; the biggest, that of Rhode Island; the most unusual, because filled with showcases like a museum, that in Utah. The state with the dirtiest politics is probably Pennsylvania; the cleanest, a tossup between Wisconsin and Vermont. The worst-bossed state is Tennessee or New Jersey; the least-bossed, Washington or Arizona. The best-governed state is probably New York, and for the worst just blindfold yourself and stick a finger anywhere below the Mason and Dixon's line.

The most sensational view I ever saw in America is that from the Top of the Mark in the Hotel Mark Hopkins, in San Francisco, and the most spectacular road I have ever driven on is the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut. The most satisfying fight I ever took was from San Francisco up the coast past Mount Shasta; the most trying, from Jackson, Mississippi, to New Orleans. The smoothest roadbed I have ever known on an American railroad is the velvet line of the Milwaukee into Chicago; the worst trip I ever took on a railroad was from Salt Lake City to Cheyenne.

The city in America with the least visible street signs is Butte, Montana, and the town best policed is Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The most turbulent city is Chicago or Kansas City, and the quietest, Madison, Wisconsin, or Santa Fe. The crudest newspaper in the United States is (or was) the *Denver Post;* the most enterprising and courageous is the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* The best conversation I heard was in Boston, Nashville, and Seattle; the best draft beer was in Baltimore or Denver; the rowdiest atmosphere was in Omaha or Memphis; the funniest thing I saw was a Thurber drawing owned by the late Bob Benchley, with the caption, "So you think you're going to leave me, do you!"

—From "Inside U. S. A.," by John Gunther (Harper).



—From "Dahl's Brave New World." To be published Oct. 22 by Little, Brown & Co.

"Chains."

Moralist

CATHOLICISM is inadmissible. Protestantism is intolerable. And I feel profoundly Christian.

—From "The Journals of André Gide: Vol. I," edited by Justin O'Brien (Knopf).

While Byrnes Roams

I MADE several trips to the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, to talk with former Secretary Hull and get the benefit of his advice about the work of the Department of State, which I was to take charge of in a few weeks. On one of these trips two young sailors showed me how unimportant was my war service.

They were hitchhiking, but were not making much progress. One, in fact, was leaning against a post, slightly intoxicated. I thought he needed a ride. They got in the front seat with me. The boy who sat next to me was very alert. I got the impression that he wished to divert my attention from his friend and, therefore, was doing a lot of talking. Finally he asked me what my business was. I told him I did not have a business; that I was out of a job. He sympathized with me and then asked what I had done. Thinking to impress him, I said I had been Director of War Mobilization. His expression clearly showed he had never heard of it. After being quiet for a second or two, he made another effort to satisfy his curiosity and asked: "Well, what did you do before that?"

"I was Economic Stabilizer," I said. I saw he had never heard of that one either.

"I mean before the war," he replied.

"I was a Justice of the Supreme Court," I told him. This time he was impressed, and asked: "You mean the High Court?"

"Yes," I said.

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He nudged the redheaded boy next to him: "How would you like to be a member of the Highest Court?"

The young sailor replied: "I wouldn't like it. No chance for promotion."

—From "Speaking Frankly," by James Byrnes. To be published Oct. 15. (Harper). Copyright 1947 by James F. Byrnes.

No Resistance

MARTHA'S gaze came back and lingered with affection on the preposterous paint, powder, and mascara of Nini's wide-eyed, round-cheeked countenance. This girl, half-Irish and half-French, with the appearance of a burlesque queen and the mind of a parish priest, was one of the most invariably successful of the "social workers" (and how they all hated the word!) known to the East Side. Her manner and looks seemed to condone most human weaknesses before they had been acknowledged, and she had a persuasive way of suggesting remedies or courses of action as if they had in fact originated in something said or done by the subject of her attentions; thus she could overcome the most obstinate resistance without engendering the suspicion and distrust which beset the path of her associates.

—From "A Certain Rich Man," by Vincent Sheean. To be published Oct. 21. (Random House).

Levers

EDUCATION is the weapon of progress, one of the weapons of human evolution; but it has been turned into a personal, national, political lever.

—From "Human Destiny," by Lecomte du Noüy (Longmans, Green).

Biggest Bias

IF THERE is ever to be peace among men, a world federation modeled in some degree upon the Federal Union, which the Civil War came so close to disrupting, must become a reality. This will be possible only if rules of law can be substituted for the rule of force and an international tribunal created to which even great states will consent to submit their disputes. Obviously, the success of such an international jurisdiction must depend upon the degree of objectivity which the judges bring to the task. They must be prepared to exorcise, in addition to the demons of personal and class selfishness, bias in favor of their own nations.

—From "Men of Law: From Hammurabi to Holmes," by William Seagle (Macmillan).

—From "Addams and Evil" (Random House).

Hitler's Eyes

IN HIS last days, though he suffered from no organic disease, Hitler had become, according to universal testimony, a physical wreck. Ceaseless work, the loss of all freedom, the frustration of all his hopes, Morell's drugs, and perhaps more than all these, the violence of his temperament when bitterness and disappointment had multiplied around him, had reduced that once powerful conqueror to a trembling spectre. All witnesses of the final days agree when they describe his emaciated face, his grey complexion, his stooping body, his shaking hands and foot, his hoarse and quavering voice, and the film of exhaustion that covered his eyes. They agree about certain less clearly physical symptoms too: his universal suspicion, his incessant rages, his alternation of optimism and despair.

But two characteristics of his former temper he still possessed. The fascination of those eyes, which had bewitched so many seemingly sober men—which had exhausted Speer, and baffled Rauschning, and seduced Stumpfegger, and convinced an industrialist that he had direct telepathic communication with the Almighty—had not deserted them. It was useless for his enemies to complain that they were really repellent.

"They are neither deep nor blue," protested Rauschning; "his look is staring or dead, and lacks the brilliance and sparkle of genuine animation"; nevertheless, in spite of his explanations and evasions, Rauschning had to admit, what Speer freely confesses and thousands of less critical Germans (and not only Germans) too eloquently witness, that Hitler had the eyes of a hypnotist which seduced the wits and affections of all who yielded to their power.

Even his doctors, and the most critical of them, admit the fascination of those dull, blue-grey eyes which compensated for all coarseness in his other features; "pictures," they say, "cannot reproduce the suggestive power of his face."

This personal magnetism remained with him to the end; and only by reference to it can we explain the extraordinary obedience which he still commanded in the last week of his life, when all the machinery of force and persuasion had disappeared, the failure and cost of his disastrous rule was apparent, and only his personality remained.

—From "The Last Days of Hitler," by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Macmillan).

Act without Encore

THE NIGHT before the executions Goering asked the chaplain for the rites of the Last Supper and the blessing of the Lutheran Church. Chaplain Gerecke, sensing another theatrical gesture, declined to administer the rites, telling Goering that since he had never shown the slightest sign of repentance, he would not put on a show for someone who did not really mean it. The next night, when Goering showed that he had intended to make a mockery of the Last Supper by committing suicide right after it, the chaplain realized how right he was about Goering.

So did I.—For Goering died as he

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had lived, a psychopath trying to make a mockery of all human values and to distract attention from his guilt by a dramatic gesture.

—From "Nuremberg Diary," by G. M. Gilbert (Farrar, Straus).

Mother of Mine

MY MOTHER was adept at putting young men, indeed men of any age, at their ease; she didn't mind if they talked politics or business or art or sport—even if they were intellectual she never tried to match them at it, and if they weren't she would make them feel a free-masonry existing between her and them in a world, or at a table, of highbrows. Actually she was cleverer than she pretended—not that she was especially modest, but in her bones she felt that men do not like clever women, and what she felt in her bones counted more than anything she could think out with her intelligence. She had had an upper-crust education composed of governess, boarding school, then finishing school abroad, and probably she had forgotten ninety-five per cent of everything she had ever learned from textbooks; but she had done nothing but travel and meet some of the world's most interesting people for almost twenty years, and the result was a quick-minded knowledgeableness unspoiled by knowledge. It made her understand politicians rather than politics and diplomats rather than diplomacy. She talked plenty of nonsense, and it was easy to trap her, though not always to prove that she was trapped; and she would go on discussing a book she said she had read but manifestly hadn't, or she would break up a dull conversation with some fantastic irrelevance for which everyone was secretely grateful.

—From "Nothing So Strange," by James Hilton. To be published Oct. 17. (Little, Brown).

Crackpots Unlimited

I WANT to get all this idealistic stuff down on paper now, because after I build a house and raise a family I will be too busy supporting it and voting to protect it to be realistic about my politics. I will probably oppose immigration because a lot of excellent cartoonists live in Europe, and if one of them should sneak through Ellis Island he would not only produce work that would make me and a lot of others look sick, but also he would sell it for reasonable sums and we would have to hump it twice as hard as we do to buy a new Buick every year. I might even act like that plump slob Westbrook Pegler writes admiringly about and calls "George Spelvin, American"—that typical upper middle-class Republican, utterly contemptuous of all cultures but that of the highball and the country club who is slowly rotting in a morass of ignorance, smugness, and sanctimony, and will find somebody else to blame when the whole blinking business comes crashing around his ears. But Pegler and his hero aren't really important. If you fear the Spelvins you can read American history and relax; if you love them you should read history and become educated. There is always a new crop of crackpots, determined to lead the country into chaos and ruin its economy, who somehow manage to save everything, including Spelvin.

From "Back Home," by Bill Mauldin. To be published October 31. (Sloane).

God, Man, and Marriage

THE CHURCH says: "My children, marriage is a sacred thing made by God."

The listeners echo: "Then why didn't God show some consistency in his creation: give marriage to all men, as he gave all men heart and lungs?"

The Church says: "God's will is unfathomable."

The listeners retort: "So be it, but our cases are different. We are in agony."

The Church: "Pain is an essential part of life."

The listeners: "We will endure so long as we have the strength. When we can no longer endure we will escape as best we may."

This escape is called "divorce"—or by more vulgar names. It brings no evil consequences in its train. Others

(*Continued on page* 44)

"Zat's just like parents. Zey always leave their messes for their kids to clean up."

"Next time you write a letter to the editor, hand it to him."

"On second thought, I'd better receive Mr. Molotov in the drawing room."

"It says Comrade Gromyko's New York residence is in an overcrowded slum known as the Park Avenue district."

—Cartoons from "Back Home." Copyright 1947 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

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Criticism. *Twenty-five years ago an irate young group of unreconstructed Southern writers banded together to denounce the industrial North and reaffirm their faith in the pure agrarian tradition of the South. Known as the "Fugitives," from their organ* The Fugitive *(1922-25), they issued their call to battle in 1930 with "I'll Take My Stand. By Twelve Southerners."* SRL's *reviewer said of it at the time, "This symposium is the most audacious book ever written by Southerners. . . . These regressive philosophers, skilled in medieval dialectics . . . scathingly demolish the props of industrialism by a destructive skepticism in an effort to exhort the South to return to the ten-acre, one-mule farm." What of the Fugitives and their followers today? Read Mr. Smith's review of "A Southern Vanguard" below.*

Realism vs. Revelation

A SOUTHERN VANGUARD. Edited by Allen Tate. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1947. 331 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NASH SMITH

THESE stories, poems, and essays edited by Allen Tate were submitted in the John Peale Bishop Memorial Literary Prize Contest conducted by the *Sewanee Review* and Prentice-Hall two years ago. All of them bear some relation to the South —the essays through their subject matter, the imaginative writing through identification of the authors with the region. Although the volume is quite varied in content, it naturally bears the marks of Mr. Tate's own preoccupations, which is to say that it represents to some extent the movement proclaimed in the Southern Agrarian manifesto "I'll Take My Stand" in 1930 and continued in subsequent years with greater or less fidelity—by the *Southern Review,* the *Kenyon Review,* and especially the *Sewanee Review,* which Mr. Tate edited from 1944 to 1946.

The fiction in "A Southern Vanguard," for example, is almost entirely by writers having some connection with the Agrarian movement. Of eight authors, Andrew Lytle, the prize-winner, was a member of the original Agrarian group, and five others have been associated with Vanderbilt University, the birthplace of the movement. The stories are of strikingly unequal merit. Mr. Lytle's "The Guide" is up to the high level of the best recent Southern writing, and the stories by James Ross and Eleanor Ross are likewise subtle and finished performances. But George Marion O'Donnell's "The Trigger" is no more than smoothly sentimental, and some of the other stories are amateurish. Randall Jarrell's prize-winning poem "The Märchen," an excursion into the primitive mind of Europe through the medium of Grimm's fairy tales, successfully fuses a wide learning into a compact imaginative structure. I also like the program of Katherine Hoskins's "Frank and the Vagrant Woman," although her effort to deal with the experiences of aviators in the past war threatens to thin out into allegory. The remainder of the verse is competent if sometimes a little dry.

The essays about Southern writers embody a number of disagreements arising from the fact that at least three different sets of literary standards are employed by the critics. The orthodox, or strict, Agrarian point of view is represented by William Van O'Connor's study of Robert Penn Warren's poetry. Here the central issue is taken to be the conflict between tradition and the centrifugal forces of modern life, and the critic expresses a rather quaint fear that Warren has been "too profoundly touched by the anarchic forces of the world outside and within the South." Malcolm Cowley's prize-winning essay on Faulkner emphasizes the novelist's interpretation of Southern society and pays no attention to the problem of tradition which concerns Mr. O'Connor. Nathan L. Rothman's essay on Thomas Wolfe's indebtedness to Joyce and Whitman is an exercise in straight literary history that is neither doctrinaire evaluation in the orthodox manner nor sociological analysis like Mr. Cowley's. Such varying critical methods must lead to conflicting judgments of value, as is evident in the contrast between Mr. Rothman's high estimate of Wolfe and Herbert Marshall McLuhan's conclusion that the novelist "stretches himself dramatically over that abyss of personalism which is the negation of every civilized agreement and effort."

The remarkable group of Southerners who have devoted themselves recently to the theory and practice of literary criticism is represented in Mr. Tate's collection only at second hand, in Robert Wooster Stallman's summary of "The New Criticism." But this useful exposition is enough to suggest that the original Agrarian impulse is developing along two di-

—*Newspictures.*

Robert Penn Warren—"too profoundly touched by the anarchic forces."

Malcolm Cowley "pays no attention to the problem of tradition."

—*Blackstone Studios.*

Allan Tate has developed "a portentous philosophy of reaction."

—*Arthur J. Daley.*

Nathan L. Rothman—"neither doctrinaire evaluation . . . nor sociological analysis."

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vergent paths. The men who have done the most impressive work in literary theory—John Crowe Ransom, Cleanth Brooks, and Warren—have emphasized the study of literature itself without reference to the conditions that produce it. In seeking to isolate the esthetic object from its context they seem to be moving toward a non-political inquiry into the nature of literary values. On the other hand, the political program of agrarianism—its hostility to industrialism and to scientific naturalism—has been developed by Mr. Tate and certain others into a portentous philosophy of reaction that has tended to merge with the current international revival of supernaturalism and the cult of authority.

Since "A Southern Vanguard" contains no pronouncement on politics by any of the major figures of the group, one is hardly justified in asserting that an actual schism is in process. Nevertheless, an arrogant and aggressive philosophy of the right is being pushed to an extreme that can hardly be acceptable to all the Twelve Southerners and their followers. Mr. McLuhan's essay on "The Southern Quality" is a convenient illustration of this tendency. In order to follow Mr. McLuhan you have to draw a deep breath and collect yourself for swift journeyings up and down the centuries. He sees the structure of American society as a timeless antagonism between a bad New England and a good South, and this antagonism in turn as one manifestation of a warfare between truth and error that runs through Occidental history from Periclean Athens to the present. It is the same issue as that which set the humanists John of Salisbury and Petrarch against the "barbaric dialections" of scholasticism. Fortunately, according to Mr. McLuhan, the contest between patristic and scholastic theology in the Church of England led to victory for the patristic party (and thus to the eloquence and poetry of Andrewes, Donne, Crashaw, Taylor, and King). Partisans of the Ciceronian and Erasmian humanism cherished by the dominant Anglican group, settling in the Southern colonies, determined the character of Southern society. Meanwhile crabbed Presbyterians were settling farther to the North and implanting in that stony soil the Ramean logic and "dialectical mind" that have governed New England thought and letters. In some fashion not clear to me even upon careful rereading Mr. McLuhan identifies the New England attitude with that of "revolutionaries" in general, and also with an "engineer culture." He maintains that "the latent insurrectionist

and moral aggression of the social planner" lurks even in Henry James and Henry Adams. Although this is a minor point amid the cosmic matters with which Mr. McLuhan is concerned, one has the impression that he has not paid enough attention to the character of Basil Ransom in "The Bostonians" or that of John Carrington, in "Democracy."

The argument over the New England mind, however, like the argument over the Old South, is trivial in comparison with the basic issue of naturalism versus supernaturalism, of reliance on reason versus reliance on revelation, and of a "liberal" versus a "conservative" politics. Mr. Tate and his fellows are opposed to what they consider to be the liberal, scientific, humanitarian trend of the past couple of centuries. They cherish an ideal of an integrated, aristocratic society shaped by tradition and by the idea of personal responsibility, in contrast with the free contractual society of the industrial revolution. They propose to escape from contemporary chaos by affirming a principle of authority based on absolute truth. Their most bitter contempt is reserved for pragmatism and instrumentalism, or, more loosely, naturalism, which they consider to be the philosophy of the industrial North as contrasted with the agrarian South. They use the name of John Dewey as a kind of obscenity. It is here, in this pervasive conservatism, that we can discern the connection between the South as a region and the generalized obscurantism of the authoritarian reaction. Writers in journals like the *Southern Literary Messenger*—Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, George Fitzhugh, and others—were making a strikingly similar attack on Northern radicalism and infidelity in the 1840's and 1850's. Although the new conservatism has some elegant modern trimmings, it is true to the tradition of the slave-owning class.

In this situation one can either undertake to settle the issue of revealed truth versus a critical epistemology, which I am not competent to do, or simply strike a Johnsonian foot against a stone. There hardly seems to be any common ground of assumption or definition where discussion might begin. The quest for an absolute authority that will cure the ills of the world seems to me the most pathetic—and also perhaps the most sinister—of Utopianisms, but the long list of examples from Mr. Eliot to Mr. Auden and Mr. Toynbee is sufficient testimony to the attraction the quest has for subtle and learned minds. And it at least clarifies the issue to observe the right wing of the Agrarian movement in the process of identifying itself with this larger and older and less equivocal trend of contemporary thought.

But I do not believe that the right wing dominates Southern letters or even the former Agrarian group. The four Southern writers chosen for extended discussion in "A Southern Vanguard," for example—Faulkner, Wolfe, Eudora Welty, and Warren—however they may differ from one another, do not seem to me to be interested in the quest for absolutes. If Mr. Cowley's interpretation is valid, even Faulkner, the man of tormented symbolisms and of luxuriant despair, is to be enrolled among the "liberals" rather than among the reactionaries. And we must remember that Warren himself, whose growth in stature as a novelist is the most striking recent event in Southern letters, seems in some danger of being excommunicated for his dissolute flirtation with skepticism and naturalism.

Henry Nash Smith, brilliant student of Southern literary culture, contributor to The Saturday Review's *Southwest Number in* 1942, *is now at the University of Minnesota, having transferred from Texas.*

A Private Axe

THE LIVING NOVEL. By V. S. Pritchett. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 260 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

AMONG the English critics, V. S. Pritchett stands about half way between Cyril Connolly and George Orwell. Not quite so afflicted by futility as the Menckenesque editor of *Horizon,* not so deeply enmeshed in economic turmoil as the London spokesman of the working class, Pritchett is an almost classical example of the "liberal" mind in letters. Yet, with both feet firmly planted in the columns of the *New Statesman and Nation,* he has marked off his position with authority and grace.

Some of the shorter pieces in his new volume have already appeared in English periodicals. All of them, in Pritchett's customary vein, are

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Fiction. *This is the first week in which the reader may feel that he is surveying the beginnings of a promising fall. It would be difficult to find four new novels more unlike than Frederic Wakeman's savage dissection of a calculating but blundering theatrical producer, Lionel Trilling's survey of the mind of a liberal, Edward Stanley's sound historical novel of the American Revolution, and Lionel Shapiro's exposition of an American struggling with the ethics of a trial of Nazi criminals in Bavaria. With the exception of Wakeman's, all of them are first novels. Like Mr. Wakeman, erstwhile huckster, and ex-newspaperman Stanley, Mr. Trilling, Columbia's professor of English literature, has won his spurs on other fields.*

Revolution in Westchester

THOMAS FORTY. By Edward Stanley. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1947. 307 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE CONTINUED vogue of novels of the Revolution is a striking fact; ever since "Janice Meredith" and "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker" they have poured forth in a steady stream, and the public appetite for them seems as keen as ever. Nor is the vogue difficult to understand. More than any other segment of our history, the Revolution gives an author opportunity to strike the chords of romance and patriotism with resounding vigor. Every American knows the main facts of the struggle; everyone is interested in learning more; the eighteenth century has a poetic remoteness; and if readers do not feel a thrill of national pride over Lexington and Yorktown, they will never feel it. The War of Independence comprises a field which, as time passes, challenges authors to freer incident and more exuberant invention. So anyone may see by comparing Cooper's stiff novel "The Spy" with Kenneth Roberts's bold conceptions. Far from growing stale, that birth-struggle of the republic becomes more poeticized, more adventurous, and more impressive.

George Saintsbury's recipe for a good historical novel contained three main ingredients: a good story, a sound sense of local color and historical propriety, and an affectionate and romantic interest in the past. On a modest plane, all three requirements are met by this book. A first novel, it makes no pretensions to being literature, and will certainly not be mistaken as such. It is, however, a good, rapid, adventure story, not too long or complex, and containing the right amount and type of incident. The author has fixed the principal scenes of his hero's perils and exploits in that debatable land of loyalist and patriot, Westchester County, and he knows its local color and neighborhood legends all the way from Kingsbridge to Peekskill and Bedford. From beginning to end, the book shows a strong feeling for the clash and color of the stormy times of Arnold and André, DeLancey and Hamilton. Mr. Stanley parades his admiration for the patriot cause a good deal, but his real passion is for the recreation of the past. It excites him, as it ought all historical novelists.

While the simplicity of the story may give some readers an impression of thinness, it is actually one of the merits of the novel. Thomas Forty, the bound-out youth who has risen to be printer in James Rivington's newspaper office, feels miserable because he is not fighting for liberty. When an effort is made to dragoon him into the king's service, he bolts northward and joins the irregular forces which are harrying the Hessians and British. Before long he is captured, and made to feel the rigors of prison life in the Sugar House under the infamous jailer Cunningham. We have vivid pictures of the sufferings of the prisoners; of the execution of André; of guerrilla fighting in the Croton valley; of the capture of Yorktown; and of the great day when the British troops evacuated New York. In half the book the Westchester landscape is a real element in the story. It is more real, in fact, than the two women with whom Tom Forty is involved—for a somewhat artificial love interest is provided.

Perhaps because we have had so many Revolutionary novels, a certain tendency toward stereotyped scenes and incidents has to be guarded against by honest writers. Mr. Stanley's worst fault is his readiness to fall into the grooves of a well-fixed pattern. He seems to feel it necessary to furnish the familiar appurtenances of lurid fiction. In his book, alas,

THE AUTHOR: Three years ago Edward Stanley, Mrs. Stanley, and sons David and Michael found themselves between hospital sheets. "I decided we weren't living right," says Mr. Stanley. "I was executive editor of *Esquire-Coronet* at the time, but you know how publishing is. Hectic. Phones ringing all the time. I couldn't see anything ahead but an early grave, and a nervous one. When my wife came out of the anesthetic, I said, 'Honey, you know what I've decided to do?' She said, 'Quit your job?' I said, 'Yes. I'm going to write a novel.'" Previously his writing had been journalistic. He was born in Aurora, Neb., became a printer's devil at thirteen, then reported for a country weekly. In 1921, he was editor and publisher of a newspaper peddled to tourists atop Pike's Peak. He worked for numerous South- and Midwest papers and the AP, which made him executive editor of their Newsphoto and Wirephoto Service. During World War II Nelson Rockefeller had him start the picture magazine, *En Guardia*. He went overseas for the OWI. He was a public relations man for Standard Oil. But Colonial history was his first love. "We've a legendary indentured servant on my mother's side," he says, "and the name Francis Marion keeps popping up on my father's." He was Marion Edward, himself, until invitations to live in girls' dormitories at Colorado College and the University of Nebraska unnerved him. "Thomas Forty" took almost a year, less time out for a scrappy affirmative in the Westchester wrangle over land sales to the UN. ("Lord, I don't know how we can ever expect to make this world work!") Now he's with the Freedom Train. Afterwards he'll dig into the Ohio Valley fifty years after the Revolution for his second novel, "The Rock Cried Out." Liberal projects, however, will always claim his attention, he says. Meanwhile he's relaxed, and his cup bubbleth high.

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there have to be the passages of rough speech:

> This island is the heart of America, and when Howe comes to his senses or gets bored with his Philadelphia mistress he will bring the army back to New York. And then he will sit here on that big butt of his and hope that Washington won't come and push him off the island, and as long as he does, it is foolish to think that anything can be done without foot soldiers. I have had foot in Westchester, and unless you have a lot, a great lot, you might as well pee in a brook for all the good it does you.

There are similarly the stereotyped and decidedly unreal lapses into pure sexuality as a respite from war; unreal because not explained in terms of character:

> He hardly knew when she slipped into bed. He only knew that suddenly he was conscious of the warmth, the glowing roundness beside him. Somehow he touched her, and then he was kissing her mouth and the little hard pointed nipples of her firm breasts. . . .

There are also the non-familiar macabre bits:

> The first blow drew dark blood oozing in stripes—and every blow thereafter. . . . The last five men flogged a bloody corpse, dragging flesh from the ribs. They needed to stand farther away than had Sergeant Wally. A wide pool of blood had spread out unevenly over the hard-packed earth of the courtyard, and they tried to avoid stepping in it.

Such passages are bad both in themselves and as surrenders to a false convention. The ordinary soldier of the Revolution, if we may judge from memoirs and documents, got through it without begetting an illegitimate child, or seeing a mate flogged to death, or even hearing a constant stream of rough talk.

As a first novel this is a promising book; and as an adventure story, without pretensions to subtlety in character drawing, or high gifts of style, or other elements that raise a book from the realm of entertainment to that of serious letters, it has more than promise—it is first-rate craftsman's work.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 706)

*NEHRU:
THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA

India is a . . . dream and a vision, and yet very real and present and pervasive. There are terrifying glimpses of dark corridors which seem to lead back to primeval night, but also there is the fullness and warmth of the day about her.

*Written in prison, Aug. 9, 1942-March 28, 1945.

Ancient Paradox

THE SEALED VERDICT. By Lionel Shapiro. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 278 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

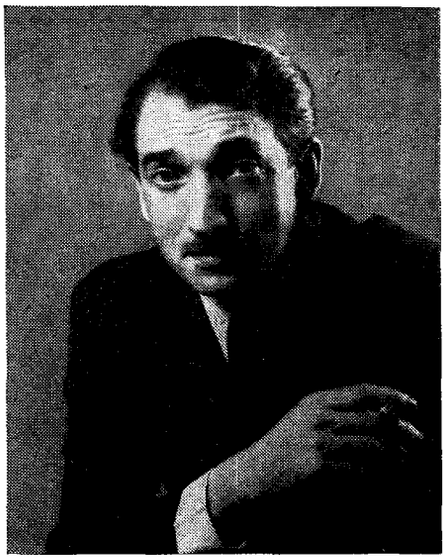
ACTUALLY, the protagonist of this novel is compassion and not Major Robert Lashley, in civil life a rising young lawyer of Erie, Pennsylvania; in military life a member of JAG, War Crimes Branch, Eleventh Army in Occupation. Actually, the antagonist of this novel is the stupidity, the folly, and the childish cruelty of war and not Otto Steigmann, the convicted Nazi.

Major Lashley is a human and attractive hero, far more human and engaging than the majority of modern fictional heroes, but in addition to being human, he is also humane—the two qualities are very different—and because he is humane, humanity, compassion, comes more and more to occupy the center of the stage until its huge and tender, its fierce and implacable shape overshadows the actors. Robert Lashley, the young soldier-lawyer, Thémis Delisle, the French woman with whom he is in love, Major General Marriner, in command of the area of the American Sector where the story takes place, Otto Steigmann, 1940 chief of the *Sicherheitsdienst*, or Security Police, in occupied Paris—these, and the rest of the cast, begin to represent to the mind of the reader various facets of the fact of compassion or its opposite, inhumanity.

So presently you realize the classic atmosphere of the book, its underlying classic thesis, just as from the start you have realized its classic form where continuity of time is concerned.

The action takes place within five days, from Monday of a certain week until the following Saturday, and although this is not the Aristotelian limit of twenty-four hours, it is sufficiently brief to give a close-knit tenseness, a speed, a mounting excitement to incident and plot which will undoubtedly appeal to the motion-picture mind with its willingness to forgive excellence if excellence is not leisurely.

The locale is the small Bavarian city of Reschweiler, mostly a heap of rubble, on the banks of the Auer River. In one of the few undamaged buildings left, the courthouse, seven Nazis, the most prominent being Otto Steigmann, are on trial for their lives. The story opens just as the verdict is being brought in. Major Lashley, in this his most important case either in civil or military life, has



—*Erich Hartmann.*

Lionel Shapiro: "Our triumph of arms over Nazism was the merest of beginnings."

conducted a brilliant and ruthless prosecution. The verdict is guilty. Six of the Nazis are sentenced to be hanged, one escapes with life imprisonment. And then Lashley discovers that the evidence upon which Steigmann, the principal criminal, has been convicted is false, and so finds himself in the terrible dilemma of the man who, trained in Anglo-Saxon law, knows that you cannot convict a prisoner, no matter how worthy of death he may be, except upon truthful testimony. Or rather, that you can, but, if you do, you attack the whole slow-built edifice of Anglo-Saxon justice and security.

This is not military law. It is not the attitude of Courts Martial. But it is the very breath and being of civil law. And so one of the major conflicts of the book emerges: the difference between the military mind, which believes, and must believe, in order to be effective, that the end justifies the means, and the civil mind which righteously and instinctively denies any such dangerous doctrine save in times of national emergency. That is to say, the civil mind of liberty-loving peoples like the Dutch, the English, the Scandinavians, the Americans. It is when the civilian mind becomes confused with the military mind, as has been the case with the Germans all through their history, that confusion becomes thrice confounded and you have neither the chivalric code of the soldier nor the compunction of the civilian.

In this confusion is to be found neither flesh, fish, fowl, nor good red herring, merely chaos and destruction. The crime Germany has committed against the Holy Ghost, and therefore humanity, lies in not rendering accurately to Caesar what is Caesar's, but in a monstrous desire to

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render Caesar everything, permitting God no share in the transaction at all.

Important, however, as is this struggle, this theme, and uppermost as it is in the minds of myriads of Americans just at present, especially the minds of young veterans, it is not the theme which gives "The Sealed Verdict" — and I could wish that the title had been merely "Sealed Verdict"—its ultimate importance, and to me this is as important a novel as I have read in a long while and as interesting a one. The theme which gives the book its ultimate importance, its classic atmosphere and context, is the larger, only half-realized theme I have already mentioned.

The struggle, the conflict, is not any of the conflicts that have been so popular with writers in the past three decades. It is a far older, darker, more universal conflict. It is the basic conflict, the paradox, that occupied the minds of Sophocles and Euripides and in desert, star-strewn nights set to pondering the lonely prophets of the Old Testament. It is the quarrel between good and evil, between Fate and Free Will; the question—the paradox—as to why, being by nature good, man can be so evil, and why, being by nature evil, man can be so good. In the latest school of post-war writing it is encouraging to discover, here and there, young American novelists beginning to return to this ancient, this home-spun, this earth-shaking wisdom. If you wish to destroy poisonous plants, you do not attack the leaves, you attack the roots.

Materialistic determinism by itself has never explained anything, and never can. Prejudice merely described, not analyzed, may be exciting, but the excitement leads nowhere. Economic injustice is a grave and present evil, and a fact. Its ugly offspring, class antagonism, is a fact. Prejudice, racial, religious, national—what you will—is a grave and present evil, and a fact. So are other cancers of the body politic. But these are results, not causes. If evil, unconscious or otherwise, were suddenly to become good, there would be no economic injustice, no prejudice. You do not explain an explosion by explaining its effect, you must first take into account the reactions, chemical or physical, which caused it.

Clearly, by the words of his dedication, Mr. Shapiro indicates his intention to discuss definitely one aspect of this universal theme. "This book," he says, "is written for the millions who, like Thémis and Lashley, know that our triumph of arms over Nazism was the merest of beginnings." That is to say, Nazism, or to give it a few of its simpler synonyms, arrogance, blood-red ignorance, beastliness, lust, cruelty, either of intention or consummation, are not exclusive national possessions and like any other plague — bubonic, yellow fever—recognize no national borders. Who but a fool or a blind man would disagree with that piece of enlightenment? I only wish, however, that I did not think the term "millions" overly-optimistic. As a passionate American I would give five years of my life, and as one grows older years become more valuable, if I were convinced that "millions" of my fellow-countrymen burned with instant and active rage at every hint of prejudice, intolerance, and injustice. I would give a year of my life were I sure that most of them even knew what Nazism was, rather than deluding themselves by the belief that it is a German uncleanness, now largely discredited, instead of being, as it is, the unrecognized point of view of the majority of the American upper-class, the majority of the American middle-class, and not a few American laboring men.

Let's put it tersely. If you hate Jews you're a Nazi. If you hate Negroes you're a Nazi. If you hate Catholics you're a Nazi. And don't argue about it, because you are. By the same token, if, a Jew, you hate Gentiles, you're a Nazi. Or, a Catholic, you hate Protestants. Or, a Negro, you hate, as a class, whites. Merely belonging to a minority does not make one ipso facto liberal and intelligent. Liberalism is the result of intelligence, and intelligence is the result of a determination to think. And alas, the persecuted are often those who desire most to persecute, given the opportunity.

If you hate anything as a class and per se, you're a Nazi, for the basis of Nazism is irrational hatred, and its motive force is this irrational hatred made dynamic by fierce rationalism after blind and docile acceptance of monstrous and illogical premises. Like the romantic inhabitant of a Venetian palace, built above the collected smells and garbage of the centuries, Nazism takes no account of rotting foundations and miasmic odors.

Whether Mr. Shapiro intended so conclusively to make compassion his protagonist, I do not know. I suspect, as is so often the case, he saw a dramatic situation, a swift dramatic story, several major-minor themes such as the cleavage between the civil and military mind, the fantastic psychology of the Germans, and so on. But authors—good ones—often weave their cloth better than they know. The fabric of outstanding novels is more subtle than the original design. Thought feeds upon thought, and from honest emotion, strongly felt, evolves something that was not there to start with; a third entity, more powerful than either the author or his plot. Indeed, the final mark of a first-class novel, the completing test, is this sense that there has been a surpassing of the design; a surpassing which is often hidden from the author but which is clear to the reader. Art is one of the few human endeavors in which at times the grasp does exceed the reach. A musical friend once pointed out to me the difference between the average professional piano player and such great performers as Paderewski and Rachmaninoff.

"The man sits down before the piano," he said, "and because he is animate, a human being, for that moment he and the instrument seem equal. And then he begins to play, and if he is the average performer, he becomes smaller and smaller and the instrument larger and larger. But if he is a great performer, suddenly the piano begins to diminish and fades into a miniature until, finally, it seems to disappear altogether and you are left alone with the man and his music."

At all events, because this is a compassionate book it would have appealed to me instantly, if for no other reason. And because it is a compassionate book it strikes a further note of originality, or rather, once again, returns to something that for the past thirty years for the most part has been missing from American writing.

For three decades American novelists have been writing brilliant novels, but on the whole compassion has been no part of them. In this we are still naïve, and cruel with the cruelty of the young, compared to the English who, whatever their faults, seldom forget humanity and compassion. Someday I want to write a book on compassion. And the need for it. And how life without it is as dry and un-

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rewarding as a sucked-out orange. As for myself, I am sick to death of hard-boiled writing and hard-boiled motion pictures with their lecherous heroes and their laconic, nymphomaniac heroines. I am sick to death of drug-fiends and alcoholics. I am sick to death of girls who talk out of the corners of their mouths and men who do not move their lips when speaking. Brilliant as are their creators, I am sick to death of "postmen who only ring twice" and "princesses with golden hair" beneath whose soft-muscled, etiolated whiteness and sluggish venery is an equal brutality of glandular enfeeblement. And one reason why I am sick of them is because I don't believe in them. I don't believe, that is, in their hardness, I believe only in their sentimentality.

I don't believe in brutality. And I don't believe in "soft-handed, hard-faced men," as Theodore Roosevelt called them. Nor do I believe in their women. Jumping in and out of bed strengthens neither the will nor the biceps. I have lived too rough a life not to know that the bully, physical or mental, if you point a determined enough finger at him, will break down and cry. I have been about enough to have listened times without end to hard-boiled ones, male or female, after three drinks tell their personal histories with tears. I have lived long enough to recognize the truth of the statement that the bravest are the tenderest. Nor do I care in the least if you think Tennyson a bearded Victorian. In this statement, at least, he was a realist.

I have given myself no space to enlarge on my intimations that "The Sealed Verdict" is a most adroit and suspenseful tale, beautifully constructed and beautifully written. Perhaps the more captious critics will find it too adroit, too streamlined. Perhaps they will object to the mysterious heroine. Mysterious heroines are as common nowadays as mysterious, Byronic heroes were in the time of Charlotte Brontë. But after all, why not? Personally, I have never found the narrative gift a detriment. A number of famous men and women have used it, including all great novelists. In all novels that survive you will find a plot that interests the average, coupled with a philosophy which, eluding the average, delights and stimulates the wise. The questioning. And the humble.

Among nearly two score books of prose and poetry by Struthers Burt are "Philadelphia: Holy Experiment," "War Songs," "Along These Streets," and "Escape from America."

The Talking Book

THE SAXON CHARM. By Frederic Wakeman. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 343 pp. $2.75.

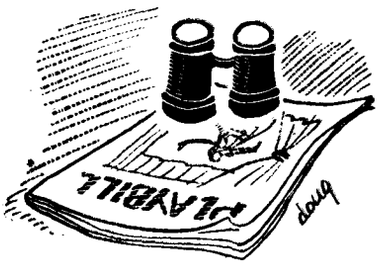
Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IT DIDN'T take long for "The Hucksters" to become not only the well-known title of a best seller but a convenient handle for identifying anyone in the advertising agency business.

Now we are indebted to Mr. Wakeman for another contribution to our vocabulary. This time it is a descriptive phrase—Saxon charm. It is a convenient two-word time-saver for summing up anyone who could charm the feathers off a goose, but who turns his personal magnetism off and on like a garden hose; who can mobilize an appearance of personal success and affluence with nothing but lint in his pockets and with a bank balance that begins after the decimal point; who has no friends, hundreds of acquaintances, and thousands of enemies; who has a rehearsed brilliance with no more warmth or suppleness than a fallen leaf; who climbs fast—but only by stepping on people who are unwitting enough to offer the backs of their necks; who subsists on the buried hopes and smashed careers of those near him; who may have been born with a conscience—now no more in evidence than his first teeth; and who can make you forget all this when he decides he needs you for his own purposes.

This is by way of introducing you to Matt Saxon, the central character in Frederic Wakeman's new novel, for whom the author has such an obvious personal detestation and animosity that the reader can only conclude that there must have been a Matt Saxon somewhere in Wakeman's life and that Wakeman would even the score with him if he had to write a novel to do it.

In this connection, it may be pointed out that for weeks before the publication of this book, the word spread up and down Shubert Alley and literary row that Matt Saxon was no invention but one of the key theatrical figures of the last twenty years—a volatile but copiously disliked producer who is still trying to ride on the momentum of his phenomenal early successes. It was recalled that Wakeman himself had turned a playscript over to this producer and had become inevitably involved in a long and futile experience. There is at least a fair chance that out of it all will come one of the juiciest libel suits the publishing and theatrical world has seen since real people who were cast as fictional characters first began to sue.



In any event, fact or fiction, "The Saxon Charm" is the story of Eric Busch, successful novelist and aspiring playwright, and of his hopelessly snarled and proliferated dealings with Matt Saxon, the producer. Busch has written a play about Molière, submits it to Saxon, and is promptly charmed out of his wits and into an endless series of re-writings, side excursions, and blind alleys. Inevitably, the compounded madness comes close to breaking up the otherwise serene relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Busch, leading Mr. Busch into a soul-filling but exhausting love affair with one of Saxon's discarded mistresses. Even more inevitably, everything falls into place in the last few pages, with Mr. Busch returning to Mrs. Busch, and the play being taken over by another producer without a single word being changed from the pre-Saxon original.

The story is told with prodigious narrative drive, the plot coming off swiftly and smoothly as from a spool. It is brisk, easy reading—given added flavor by Mr. Wakeman's zest for the incongruous. The story is stripped down to essentials, with an absolute minimum of exposition and description—there are perhaps only a dozen such passages in the book—, and with almost the entire plot unfolding inside quotation marks. Add to this supreme emphasis upon dialogue his gift for staging and background, his carefully arranged entrances and exits, the natural division of his story into scenes and acts, and it is easy to account for the feeling that "The Saxon Charm" reads more like a play.

But whether as play or novel, and despite its vast appeal as entertainment, "The Saxon Charm" has its flaws. Eric Busch never matures as a dimensional character; he is pasty, bland, faceless. Much of the attempt to define him—directly or otherwise—has all the vagueness and ineptitude of a man trying to describe his own voice. Janet Busch is not much more convincing; her supposed wholesomeness, instinctive wisdom, and bucolic charm seem rigid and synthetic.

These gaps in characterization become all the more conspicuous because

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of the depth and full-bodied quality of Matt Saxon, and also of Rhea Birkani, the small, intense artist who is the mother of Saxon's child and with whom Busch has his affair. Birkani is by far the most sympathetic and compelling figure in the book; it is Birkani who enables Busch to emancipate himself from the Saxon tyranny by getting Busch's play accepted elsewhere. So far as the reader is concerned, the circumstances under which Busch leaves Birkani make him out to be a bigger heel in many respects than Saxon himself—this obviously not being the intention of the author.

Indeed, the story gets away from Wakeman at the end. The resolution of the heavily climaxed last act seems facile, artificial. Up to that point, as the story mounts in intensity and complexity, Wakeman is in complete command. But faced with the necessity to liberate Busch from the Saxon charm, have Busch's play accepted elsewhere without so much as a comma being changed from the original, bring husband and wife together, and get Saxon involved with a new playwright, Wakeman doesn't quite manage to get all the knots out of the rope with a single flick of the wrist.

This weakens but does not undermine the general effectiveness of the novel, which, taken as a whole, is a superb piece of literary surgery. It has all the sauciness of "The Hucksters," plus the increasing evidence of Mr. Wakeman's consistent development as an exponent and practitioner of the talking book. The reader who expects a book review to tell him whether he will enjoy a book thoroughly, be glad to read it, and feel he has had his money's worth, ought to know that this is it.

Lionel Trilling writes of "the modern man whose dilemma is intellectual as well as emotional."

Frederic Wakeman "doesn't quite manage to get all the knots out of the rope with a single flick of the wrist."

Clash of Ideas

THE MIDDLE OF THE JOURNEY. By Lionel Trilling. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS mature and intelligent novel will be welcomed by those readers of the best contemporary American fiction who are growing weary of historical tales, group narratives in the "Grand Hotel" pattern, and the wistful, nostalgic family sagas of a past generation. "The Middle of the Journey" is a novel of ideas, objective, subtle, teasing in a sort of incompleteness as though the fastidious novelist would avoid the banality of telling too much. There are paragraphs that require rereading before they yield full meaning, not because they are vague or ambiguous, for the writing is of such a consistent excellence that one is tempted to fall back on some such cliché as "classic style" to describe it, but because the thought is subtle.

"The Middle of the Journey" is an apt title, for the half dozen characters in the end-of-summer month when we meet them are all in process of change. We learn something of their past and their current attitudes, and can conjecture about their future —not what they will do, but what they will be, what they will believe. The central character has almost recovered from a dangerous but not unenjoyable illness, which gave him leisure to think and to try to establish his mind. To complete his convalescence, he goes to rural Connecticut to stay near friends summering there. Other friends gather, a few natives mingle with them, all political and social liberals of a sort (the time is the mid 1930's when being a liberal did not make one suspect and subject to Congressional investigation). But they are individuals, too, and the clash of ideas provides the principal interest of the book, together with each character's sifting his own ideas through the double mesh of his conscience and intelligence. There is some "action"—a bit of illicit love, the melodramatic death of a child, a fight—but for the most part it serves only to clarify meanings and judgments.

The characters are more interesting than credible. John is supersensitive, quick to hate, easy to offend — his imagination remains somewhat sick after his body has healed. We see him truly in the middle of the journey, confused and seeking the right loyalties to adopt. The Crooms are inoffensive and rather dull and earnest radicals of the day, Arthur solemnly justifying the Party because of its "moral influence in politics," Nancy, according to an ex-Communist, "drawn only to the ideational aspects of the movement, to the emotional superstructure of the movement, not to its base in reality." Most interesting of all, Maxim, once an active revolutionary Communist who has deserted the Party and embraced an orthodoxy so absolute that it seems blackest reaction to his old comrades. His sardonic humor and fondness for Socratic questioning he retains, and makes a defense of individual responsibility so clever and persuasive that he infuriates the collectivists. The countryfolk, too,—the amoral, satyr-like Duck, his courageous, pathetically Bohemian wife, the Folgers—have their own philosophies of life and are not just peasantry to serve as a foil to the intellectual summer visitors.

The characters speak elegantly, like characters in a play by Behrman; if "The Middle of the Journey" were a play, one can be certain that Behrman would have written it. They are never at a loss for the exact word or polished phrase. To some readers the novel will be too chill and intellectual; they will wish that the characters were as rich in feeling as in thought. But Lionel Trilling has chosen to write of the modern man whose dilemma is intellectual as well as emotional, and has done so with acumen and compassionate understanding.

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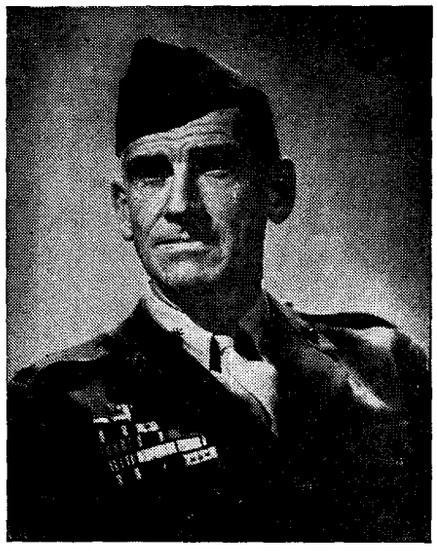
The Man Who Will Become a Legend

RAYMOND SWING



"In a war fought to save democracy Evans Carlson was one of the few who actually created a bit of democracy."

OF THE men I have had the privilege of knowing personally, Brigadier-General Evans Carlson is the only one I believe will grow to become an American legend. It is of course impossible to predict that someone will be singled out for such a special honor. The choice often is fortuitous. Nathan Hale, for instance, owes his selection in part to the stirring remark attributed to him at his execution by the British that he regretted that he had only one life to lay down for his country. Paul Revere, to mention another legendary figure, owes much of his fame to a not strictly accurate poem about him by Longfellow, that sang in the hearts of generations of school children. Jubal Early, to name another, lives through his fabulous exploits as commander of a small force of cavalry, rather than as one of the greatest military leaders produced in this country.

Legendary figures have few ingredients in common, beyond fervent patriotism and courage. But they all do something unique that captures the imagination of common people. It remains to be seen whether Evans Carlson will have done this, but it is my prediction that he will. I base this, not on the Makin Island raid, which was the theme of the film "Gung-Ho," nor on the far more perilous and exacting exploit, the thirty-one days spent behind the Japanese lines on Guadalcanal. These are dramatic and unsurpassed instances of daring and endurance in the war, and they will always be part of the fighting history of the country. But they are not why I think Carlson will live to be a legend. I think he will because in a war fought to save democracy he was one of the very few who, by his own force of character, actually created a bit of democracy. He brought it to life by his own will, breathed into it his own faith, proved by it that democracy is a sound, working pattern of life that can draw out of men their utmost in giving themselves. And what should capture the imagination of common people, he brought this bit of democracy into being in the very heart of one of the strictest, one of the most severely commanded, strongholds of tradition in the world —the Marine Corps. He did it in the face of skepticism, ridicule, scorn, and sabotage. And he was so successful, that he was deprived of his command in the field (so I believe) lest the allurements of his democratic techniques make the archaic disciplines of all the old-fashioned services difficult to maintain.

Is not the essence of militaristic success the antithesis of democratic success? Democracy as we now proclaim it is not alone government for, by, and of the people. It also conserves the dignity of the individual. There can be none of this in traditional military life, certainly no individual dignity for the private. Government is from above and must of need be from above; and the individual must subordinate himself without question. One may argue sincerely that military discipline is intended *for* the good of the army, in which sense it is democratic. But in this respect it is not more democratic than the best-intentioned totalitarianism. Evans Carlson upset this dogma. He chose his raiders for what they knew and felt about the reasons for the war, he required their cooperation rather than their obedience, he encouraged his men to question his orders, and he garbed each one of them with as much individual dignity as can come to persons from without. Though he was their commander, they were his equals, and he asked nothing from them he would not and could not perform himself. He ate their food, slept as they slept. The men who went behind the lines on Guadalcanal did not have to carry special beds for officers—not even for Carlson. The men who landed under the Japanese fire at Tarawa, Marines serving in the traditional way, had to bring such equipment, and themselves sleep on the beaches. It is because Evans Carlson practised democracy where it was perhaps harder to practise than anywhere else under the Stars and Stripes that the man has legendary potentialities.

If it is essential to a legendary figure that he should have fortuitous assistance, then Carlson had it through the circumstance of having attracted the attention of President Roosevelt. Before the war, coming back from China, he established friendly relations with the President, and for a time served as his personal aide at Warm Springs. When he went back to China he was entitled to report to the President directly what he learned on his fascinating explorations there. Later, James Roosevelt became his right-hand man in training and commanding the raiders, and during the training time wrote home enthusiastically that, whatever else he was learning, he was learning to be a good American. Undoubtedly the interest of the White House was responsible for the opportunity to organize the raiders in the first place, and for the development of the unorthodox experiment. Later Admiral Nimitz became a warm and steadfast supporter. But these influences were not enough to keep Colonel Carlson (as he was then) in the field. He was pulled out and his disconsolate raiders were delivered back to the iron discipline of the old-fashioned kind. Thereafter he was used for planning some of the later Pacific enterprises and then as observer at landing operations. This, too, was valuable service. But it was obscure. If Carlson was to become a legend it was not to be in his time.

Even at his death, though he was buried with military honors at Arlington Cemetery, it was managed almost as though by stealth. Millions of Americans cherished Carlson and his democratic faith, innumerable GI's loved him for his treatment of his raiders. But the public was

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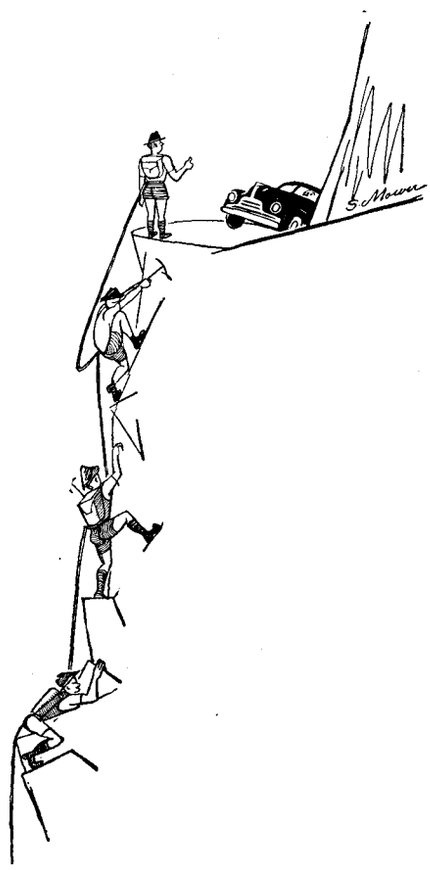
given no notice of the services. Only a handful of friends, notified by the family, and a few raiders who could be informed, were at the chapel to hear the Marine chaplain read the traditional but formal service of solemn scriptures and prayers. This semi-secrecy could not have been more effective had it been deliberate. A glorious hero was laid to rest as though to oblivion.

This episode is one more reason why I believe Evans Carlson has the potentialities of becoming a legend. Had he been buried in the presence of throngs, had schoolboys been told about his life and his ideals, had flags flown through the land at half-mast, feelings would have been expressed in a normal way, and then not so much would lie in the national subconsciousness, as it does now, waiting for a later flowering. Already the war is forgotten temporarily, even what once was most warmly remembered of it. But what was neglected, intentionally or quite innocently, is still likely to receive its due.

Another reason I think Evans Carlson will live is that he had the rare quality of simplicity which makes a man communicable to great masses. It will be said of Carlson that he was naïve. Indeed could anything be more naïve than to wish to treat fighters like equals in training and in the field, and expect to get away with it in—of all places—the Marine Corps? What could be more naïve than to teach the fighting principles of Chinese guerrillas to good American boys? Or to wish to explain to men who are to go out to kill the political reasons for the war? However Carlson was not any more naïve than Emerson, whose writings he carried with him into battle. And in his naïveté he had some of the miraculous force of a Blake. Indeed he was naïve only in the poetic sense. He was one of the most astute and invaluable political and military observers the United States has had in China. Not only that, he had the audacity to resign from the Marine Corps so as to be free to tell the country of the rising peril of Japan and tell it in terms of his experiences in China.

It was in the time after his resignation that I first met Carlson. He would occasionally have a meal with me in New York, appearing always in a great sheepskin jacket, looking rawboned and unpolished like a backwoodsman. But he also was simple, direct, and generous with his knowledge. Probably he knew more about contemporary China than almost anyone in the United States. He had traveled all through China, and then had gone to Chiang Kai-shek to tell him to his face about some of the totalitarian repressions being carried out in the name of Kuomintang. He went to Yenan and shared the life there for a time with the Communist leaders, cross-examining them about their political beliefs. They believed in communism, but did not expect to achieve it for a long time. This was in the days before the Chinese Communists turned against America and so many Americans against Chinese communism. He described them to be the agrarian democrats who once inspired Stalin to call them "radish Communists—red outside and white under the skin."

Carlson was not a fluent speaker, either in private or in public. He was hesitant and would grope for the right word. But his face could break into one of the most engaging smiles I ever saw, a smile that radiated good will, good temper, candor, and humbleness. But though he could not weave a magic spell of conversational narrative, he was one of the most convincing of men to listen to. Everything about him was obviously genuine. He did have a gift of self-expression but it came to him only when a pen was in his hand. "Twin Stars of China," which he wrote in 1940, has a fine literary flavor not to be expected in a little-schooled Marine officer.



It is Carlson's good fortune, if he is to become a legend, to have been granted a capable biographer from among his raiders, Michael Blankfort. "The Big Yankee"* which was published shortly before Carlson's death, found public attention turned away from war books. This is unfortunate for Mr. Blankfort, who deserves recognition on his own account. But it does not matter so far as esteem for Carlson is concerned, if he is to be rediscovered in time and become part of the American saga. Mr. Blankfort's biography combines two qualities successfully. It is an exciting book, which a leader of raiders is entitled to; and it is a scrupulously truthful book. Mr. Blankfort has not polished up his hero or suppressed any facts that would be awkward to a writer bent on "selling" rather than understanding his subject. Carlson did not come into his zeal for practising democracy in the cradle—though he was born into a Congregational parsonage of most engaging parents—but relatively late in life. He ran away from home as a boy and joined the Army. Before he came back from World War I he was staff officer under General Pershing. After that war he had an unsuccessful fling at civilian life, and joined the Marines. In that service he was to take a distinguished but a politically unquestioning part in the occupation of Nicaragua. He was still a "solid" Marine officer when he was sent to China as observer. He discovered himself in China, discovered his faith in democracy and individualism, and discovered that he was able to give everything he had for the creed.

Mr. Blankfort does not try to solve the mystery of a man who matures in this roundabout way. But he sets down all the pertinent facts, as though he had learned from and with Evans Carlson that the truth is what sets men free in a democracy.

In time "The Big Yankee" should become a book read by untold numbers of youngsters, for the story has what youth responds to, courage, achievement, simplicity, and nobility. If they do not respond to it just now, with a war hardly over two years gone, they will do so later on, if Carlson does become an American legend.

Raymond Swing, commentator over ABC since 1942, is author of "Preview of History," "How War Came," "Forerunners of American Fascism."

* *THE BIG YANKEE: THE LIFE OF CARLSON OF THE RAIDERS. By Michael Blankfort. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 372 pp. $4.*

Through oversight, O. E. Nelson was not credited in *SRL* Sept. 27 as the photographer whose picture was the basis for Hal McIntosh's cover drawing of William L. Shirer.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

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Time and the Story

THE CRITICS of the popular literature turned out by our publishers over the last two years are having a heyday. Novelists and story writers like Louis Bromfield and Conrad Aiken, whose laments appeared in our pages last month, or Ben Lucien Burman's passionate appeal of last December for a new morality for writers, have expressed their consternation at the American literary scene. Actually, these indignant critics are not discussing literature at large, but the manner in which the contemporary novel is developed and exploited. It will simplify matters to consider only the novel in giving some logical answer to the concerted complaints of Bromfield, Aiken, Burman, and the latest weeper, J. Donald Adams of *The New York Times*.

To begin with, most of the complaints have a familiar ring; for the diseases from which our popular fiction suffers are endemic; they are native to America and attempts to cultivate them widely anywhere else have failed. The book clubs have flowered in this country because the idea suited the American conception and knowledge of mass consumption. Once given the scheme, enough capital, and the hardihood to outride the inevitable storms of protest, the clubs that now harbor a million or more members were as inevitable as the development of the great automobile companies. They are not parasites, as Mr. Bromfield has said, but originators, since they have created hundreds of thousands of additional readers who may occasionally buy a book that is not sent to them by mail. As their subscribers grow in number, it is logical to assume that their literary standards will be lowered, and that then other book clubs may be invented to take charge of the reading habits of more intellectual consumers. In the eyes of an optimist the book clubs may turn out to be a blessing since they are largely responsible for "the great audience," of which Conrad Aiken writes, and for "the enviable position of the author," which he exaggerates, for the serious first novelist who insists on writing the kind of book he wants to write is having a harder time than ever today.

The motion pictures are quite another story, and Mr. Bromfield is unquestionably right when he says that they are profoundly dangerous to the young writer, who after a successful book or two is drawn to the Coast to find that in a few years his creative gifts, his very life blood, is sucked dry. But even in the expression of this truism, there is a catch. If a writer is incorruptible, he cannot be corrupted; and if he is corruptible, what are the chances that he would have turned into the enduringly creative author we too easily assume he might have been if the Hollywood siren had not exposed her opulent charms to him? It takes an almost furious power of invention and a passion for hard work to write novel after novel of almost the first rank. Would not this young writer whose fate as a radio hack at $1,500 a week we bemoan have written several books of declining merit and then, with a reputation gained, have succumbed to the lure of the magazine serials? It is like the question of good taste, of which there are two schools of thought: that it can be created in one who lacks it, or that it is a quality with which you are born and which fully manifests itself when you are grown up. In the latter case no amount of trash poured out by clubs or foisted on you by the publisher's glamorous ads can make you like the product they try to sell you if it violates your sense of ethical and artistic values.

Does it then seriously matter if the masses take to inferior books and ignore the works of the best writers? They have always done so, with the exception of those giants who seem only to have lived in the past who were able to be great as writers and at the same time to command large audiences, the Dickenses and Tolstoys, the Hugos and Balzacs. What we think of today as the better or the greater writers are the highly literary, sensitive, or revolutionary novelists admired and worshipped by coteries, large and small. Critical taste is a rare quality. A publishing business that was founded on producing only books for the intelligentsia would soon starve to death.

When it comes to the publishers, the attacks naturally center on their commercialism. All of them want to make money, it appears, and they will spend more money on a mediocre book than they will on one they actually believe is a work of literature. This complaint is as old as Fleet Street. It has always been and will always be true until publishing is subsidized by some department of a future Ministry of Culture and Education centered in Washington; and then God help us all! The truth is that the publishers are in a difficult situation today. Hand fed during the war they now have to climb down to reality at a time when rising costs in their ledgers and stable prices in the bookstore have brought them to the place where they are supposed to lose money on any book that does not sell 15,000 copies. It may be sheer optimism to assume that a situation so dangerous for the production of literature will eventually find a cure. But even today every publisher worthy of the name knows that he must discover, develop, and hold new writers of real merit if he does not want his firm to die in ten years of pernicious anemia. It is the marginal manuscript that now suffers; it is good but not quite good enough. A few years ago the same publisher might have hesitated at the same book, but he would finally have published it. Today he rejects it with hardly a qualm. This is causing suffering to innumerable young writers, who will presumably have to work for hire; but if they have the stuff in them, they will continue to write and their experiences with the crassly commercial world may give them the incentive and the passion to better in their maturity their first manuscripts.

The novelist himself, the creator of all this tempest and furor, deserves a word. It is certain that he is living in a world in which the temptations to write for the popular taste are greater than ever, and where, to quote Mr. Bromfield, "the times are too upset and disturbing." But we are all of us disturbed; we have all lost some of our precious faith in the future, or in any future at all. Well, there are novels in that great theme, are there not? But it will take time for a writer to find the essential qualities of the new day in which we live, to orient himself in an apparently dissolving and trackless universe. Writers will rise to meet the challenge, now or later. Time and the story, the two vital elements of the novel, as E. M. Forster says, are with them.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nor Any Drop to Drink

SIR: Russell Maloney's otherwise sharp profile of *The New Yorker* [*SRL* Aug. 30] failed to credit the improvement in our national weekly magazines to its influence. Then, exactly how does the fact that water-coolers are filled at the mop-sink affect editorial content? Who drinks water at *The New Yorker*, anyway?

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

Horace M. Kallen's 65th Birthday

SIR: Among more pleasant late-summer anniversaries than world wars and atomic bombs is the sixty-fifth birthday of Horace M. Kallen, whose career as a fighter for freedom began at Harvard, Wisconsin, and Oxford, continued as a founder of The New School for Social Research, whose senior professor he now is, and flowered on every progressive front in American life. Horace Kallen did not have to wait for existentialism to learn that living philosophy must engage itself to the full in the activities of its own time. No American philosopher with the possible exception of John Dewey has been so much in the thick of things struggling to make intelligence a force for freedom and to marry beauty to use. His most influential doctrine has been his philosophy of "cultural pluralism" but his contributions to the fields of labor, civil liberties, education, consumer's cooperation and Zionism have also borne rich fruit. A *Festschrift* in his honor will soon be issued by the Cornell University Press.

SIDNEY HOOK.

South Wardsboro, Vt.

Jung and Wylie

SIR: On the Jung controversy, I'm solidly with Wylie. If M. Parelhoff (and other worried people) want to get a look at what Jung thinks of the Nazis, let him read "Individual and Mass Psychology" by Jung himself in the Spring 1947 number of *Chimera*, a literary quarterly.

Perhaps Wylie *is* Jung's "chief popular exponent" in this country, but there's a fascinating book, "The Inner World of Man" by Frances G. Wickes (a practising analyst who was analyzed by Jung)—with an appendix of psychological drawings and accompanying text. Also, an earlier book of Mrs. Wickes, "The Inner World of Childhood," is a classic among psychologists and psychiatric workers with children.

Personally I have found Jung's hypotheses infinitely more imaginative and perceptive (and helpful) than the aggressive and rather heavy-handed Freudians and Horney-ians.

LAURA LAKE.

New York, N. Y.

Thanks from Over Half

SIR: On behalf of the 120,000 members of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, I congratulate the editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* on the two editorials on women written by Harrison Smith [Jan. 18 and Sept. 6].

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"After all, it will last at least 4,000 years. There's no reason why we shouldn't float a bond issue and amortize it over that period."

The fairminded and unprejudiced attitude taken in these articles is a real encouragement to "over half our adult population."

It is a pleasure to read such an understanding and intelligent discussion of women of today.

SALLY BUTLER,
National President.

Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: I have been reading Harrison Smith's fine editorial, "In Defense of Women" and I should like to adduce a bit of evidence in point. I have hesitated about mentioning it, because of its personal aspects, but it seems to me to contain sufficient evidence of a general trend to justify the risk of being accused of vanity or naïveté.

For a number of years I have been collecting material for a book on the general theme that women are primarily, not a peculiar breed of animal, but a constituent part of the human race; that the differences between the sexes are of secondary psychological importance and that the similarities or identities between them are the actual governing factors. One or two articles drawn from this view and this material have already appeared in print.

With the publication of such books as Wylie's and Farnham and Lundberg's, it seemed to me that the need for such a reply to their arguments was manifest. I therefore queried a number of publishers concerning it. Without exception I was answered in the negative. The obvious answer is that though these publishers (several of whom have issued work of mine in the past) were not averse to such a book, they merely did not want one by me, or did not want the particular book whose synopsis and sample chapters I sent them.

Too much has indeed been written about women lately, but I don't believe that there would be no demand for anything to confute it. I am wondering if this opinion may not be only further evidence that the predominantly masculine publishing houses are themselves anti-feminist—as most men are. The underlying psychological attitude, not of individual men toward individual women, but of men as a group toward women as a group, is still one of amiable patronage and complacent contempt.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: That was a fine, mature, and simpatico treatment your Sept. 6 editorial gave the "Problem of Modern Women."

As much progress as women have made, however, and as much as they have advanced their status, they remain blind to the fact that they just have humbled themselves and made fools out of themselves in the eyes of men.

I refer to their general—with few exceptions—quiescent submission to the new mode of long skirts. Where is Woman, the self-willed, independent individual when the High Priestess of Fashion makes with the double-talk?

Without dissension, almost every man, woman, and child I have spoken to has conceded varied shades of dislike for long skirts. In addition, they have increased clothing prices at a time when most families are already hard hit by the stepped-up cost of living. Where is woman, the practical homemaker?

Frankly, just so long as women accept such outlandish, outmoded, and horrible costumes, instead of resisting and sticking up for what they believe in, they are going to continue to make men wonder if they really do have any sense at all.

ROBERT WRONKER.

New York, N. Y.

"Treason's Peace"

SIR: The reviewer of my book "Treason's Peace" [*SRL* July 19] first praises it as an "emotional appeal" and then attacks the author in gen-

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Wolf! Wolf!

That is the problem of American advertising. It cries "Wolf!" so habitually that the American public has grown to think it's a college yell. A man stands a better chance of saving his sheep if he cries "Mouse! Mouse! Mouse!" Accordingly Houghton Mifflin Company desires to say to you, the readers of The Saturday Review, that if you will give a few moments' consideration to the September—October—November books discussed on this page, this company believes that you may find one or two of some passing interest.

. . . . . A lot has been written about what General Patton thought and did in the war, but no one has known what the General himself thought about the war he fought so brilliantly. In **War as I Knew It** General Patton tells you of his world as he saw it from 1942-1945. We have heard of him as 'blood and guts', we have guessed of his bold acceptance of the terrible logic of war but we have not known of his wry humor, his talent for self-ridicule, his sudden inspiring warmth of heart, his capacity for limitless pity, his great simplicity. Douglas Southall Freeman has done the introduction. $3.75. *Coming in November.*

. . . . . It is unbelieveable that the **Song of Robin Hood** could have been created at all. It is as if the ballads had waited 700 years for someone who really understood their spirit. These ballads have been illuminated by Virginia Lee Demetrios with a care and patience, with a variety and ingenuity with a perpetual sparkle of genius that simply is not known in today's design. The book is a manifest impossibility. It is also great design. From the comics-loving kid to his classics-loving grandpop, this book will truly enrich the life of those who buy it. $5.00. *Coming in October.*

. . . . . History does not repeat itself, but there may be resemblances as strong and instructive between decades as there sometimes are between the several generations of a single family. Ours has been a time-conscious nation. We have counted and loved the seconds as well as the centuries, and in our passionate hunger to understand our present we have thrust ourselves back into our past. For if we listen we may hear the faint vibrations of other moments in other centuries as today's moments are struck. And in that sound time is conquered, and we are given many moments for one. There is one decade of the last century that has held in this way a particular resonance for the heightened strain of today. This is the decade that was dominated by the long shadow of Abraham Lincoln of which Ben Ames Williams writes in his great novel **House Divided.** $5.00. *Published September 8.*

. . . . . There is no more ruthless social historian than an honest portrait painter. His sitter's pretensions, prejudices, disposition and state of health are there for future historians to interpret. In this delightful recreation of colonial life in America, **First Flowers of Our Wilderness,** James Thomas Flexner reads the testimony of more than one hundred and sixty paintings reproduced in color, and in black and white, and each canvas becomes a window into the past. This is a Life-in-America Prize Book. $10.00. *Coming in November.*

. . . . . In England's darkest hours, the tall stooped figure of John Winant, our ambassador to the Court of St James, became to the British a symbol of American fellowship and support. They looked up from the still smoking rubble of their homes, and saw him standing there with the King or with Winston Churchill. They heard his quiet voice, felt his warmth and sincerity, and went

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Wolf!!....

back to work, sure that they were not alone. With the same quiet sincerity and warmth, Winant now tells his own story of the year before Pearl Harbor — that year of which most Americans know so little, since our participation was still unofficial, and of which he knew so much. His book is **Letter from Grosvenor Square:** An Account of a Stewardship. $2.75. *Coming in November.*

.....Ann Petry, winner of a Literary Fellowship award for 'The Street', shows a marked change of pace in her new novel **County Place.** Laura Z. Hobson read a pre-publication copy and said of it " . . . the most compelling novel I've read in a long time. It interweaves character and happening, thread over thread, with the skill and effectiveness which make people say, 'Here's a born story-teller.' Many authors have tried to reveal the hidden evil and menace under the bland, innocent externals of a town's life. Most authors, trying it, would have been baffled by their own assignment. But Ann Petry wasn't baffled — this is a real story, and a deeply disturbing one." $2.75. *Published September 24.*

.....**American Memoir** by Henry Seidel Canby was greeted with front page reviews in New York, and the charm and mature wisdom of the book was reflected in the literary pages across the country. Typical of this press is this excerpt from the *Atlantic* "No editor of our times has written so acutely and so vivaciously of those who have worked with him in the literary field. His prose shots of Elinor Wylie in her anger, Vachel Lindsay in his chant, and Lord Dunsany after his lecture are memorable . . . add insight to our understanding . . . as accurate as they are vivid. The values, like the humor which glints through these pages, are those of a sane and likable American editor, still unafraid." $5.00. *Published August 19.*

.....Bruce Marshall is generally credited with introducing some of the most delightful characters to fiction in "Father Malachy's Miracle" and "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith". This fall we published **Vespers in Vienna,** it was made a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and Colonel Nicobar is living up to his predecessors. Christopher Morley says of it, "Good will suffers long — but also tingles with laughter, if it's Bruce Marshall's kind of good will . . . He crosses all literary picket lines and flits from humble devotion to mischievous burlesque . . . Ever since 'Father Malachy's Miracle' Bruce Marshall has been one of my private candidates for the Laughing Cavalier of fiction. He not only laughs but he rides the very high horse apocalypse. $2.75. *Published August 13.*

.....Early in the 1830's the boundary-stretchers reached the Rockies. Three quarters of a million square miles were at stake and no punches were pulled in the six climactic years when civilization cracked the frontier. Bernard de Voto who rivals Parkman as a historian of our West tells the fiercely romantic story of the mountain men, on whom the giant fur trade depended. It is his greatest book, and it is illustrated by eighty-one reproductions in black and white and color gravure, of the paintings made by artists who travelled on these expeditions as the forerunners of the cameraman — paintings forgotten for more than a hundred years and now invaluable in their testimony of the details of our growth to continental size. This is **Across the Wide Missouri,** illustrated by the paintings of Alfred Miller, Charles Bodmer and George Catlin. $10.00. *Coming in October.*

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eralizations which discredit the author's judgment; facts; valuation of authorities; appreciation of evidence; understanding of law; appeals to officials; and allegation of lax law enforcement; also alleging that I rely improperly on trade rumors; common knowledge; unsupported statements and reports.

I challenge Mr. Prendergast to point out the passages in the book which sustain each of the above defects which he has alleged it contains.

HOWARD W. AMBRUSTER.

Westfield, N. J.

SIR: For your information, I am setting out below two instances from Chapter XIV of the book which I believe support the other comments I made in the review: The first sentence will be found on pages 273-6 as follows:

> Possibly readers may perceive little difference in results between the "sabotage" that destroys, with bombs, a munition plant, after it is built; and the "sabotage" that prevents, by what Harry Truman called treason, the utilization of an improved process or the building of a new munition plant.
>
> Instances of this later variety of sabotage have been indicated and it may be that here is the place to include an excerpt from the "Act [of April 20, 1918] to punish the wilful injury or destruction of war material . . . and for other purposes," which was amended on Nov. 30, 1940, and includes this addition to the original law:
>
> > Sec. 5. That whoever, with intent to injure, interfere with, or obstruct the national defense of the United States, *shall wilfully injure or destroy, or shall attempt to so injure or destroy, any national defense material* . . . shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than $10,000.00 or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both (italics mine).
>
> However it was not the above statute but the antitrust laws which were invoked—oh, how gently—in such cases of Farben's industrial espionage and sabotage. . . .

The instance cited above is an illustration of what I meant by my comment that "as a layman, he [the author] may have misunderstood or misinterpreted the law." and that the "author's judgment may be questioned." You will note that the statute Mr. Ambruster quotes sets forth only one offense, that of wilfully injuring or destroying or attempting to injure or destroy actually existing national defense material. It does not apply to a prevention of or a delay in the production of national defense material as Mr. Ambruster says it does, nor was it lax law enforcement on the part of our governmental officials, as he implies, to invoke the antitrust law instead of the statute quoted. The quoted statute did not apply and could not be made to apply to the situation which he describes.

The second instance will be found on page 271 as follows:

> Among the pre-war activities of the Agfa-Ansco Division of General Aniline & Film are *reported* [*by others, not this Treasury document*] to have been demonstrations of its photographic and blueprint apparatus and materials, conducted *ostensibly* for the edification of our army and navy authorities. *It is said* that these tests included the taking of stills and moving pictures, and the reproduction of drawings and documents, of *what may have been regarded as "top secrets"* of the limited national defense preparations which were permitted by a stupid Congress prior to the outbreak of combat war in Europe (italics mine).

I cite the above instance as an example of what I was referring to in my comments that "his [the author's] facts [may be] challenged," that he showed "little discrimination in the valuation of authorities," "no appreciation of what constitutes evidence," and that "too many of his alleged authorities are referred to as 'common knowledge' and 'general reports,' " and "too many of his so-called facts are introduced by such phrases as 'it is said' and 'it was reported.' " Mr. Ambruster's vague charge of subversive activities on the part of Agfa-Ansco in the above quotation is certainly not supported by any stated facts but appears to be based on unidentified reports, innuendos and imagination. I am not saying that Agfa-Ansco didn't engage in subversive activities but merely that the author does not submit proper facts to show that they did.

JOSEPH PRENDERGAST.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Having read Mr. Prendergast's letter to you of July 30 I can only say that I do not accept it as in any way complying with the request in my own letter of July 22—that he cite such passages in my book "Treason's Peace" which have in at least one instance each of the defects which his review alleged.

He cites several passages leading up to my quotation of the statute on sabotage and then explains what it means but how this in any way relates to any of his criticisms I fail to comprehend.

Finally calling it a "second instance" he cites a passage in which I describe a report of pre-war subversive activities of Agfa Ansco division of General Aniline.

If Mr. Prendergast is as well informed as he claims to be, he knows well that this particular report is common knowledge in official circles.

Your reviewer has thus convicted himself of an elaborate attack upon the factual integrity of "Treason's Peace" and upon the understanding of its author which he is completely unable to sustain.

In view of the concluding paragraph of his review which disparages the factual expose of lax law enforcement against the Farben affiliates in this country it is not difficult to discern who it is that he has attempted to serve by this cowardly attack upon my presentation accompanied by an obvious effort to induce your readers to turn to another book which does not contain one word regarding the corrupt and hidden influence of I. G. Farben inside the Government of this country.

HOWARD W. AMBRUSTER.

Westfield, N. J.

SIR: I do not believe I need comment upon Mr. Ambruster's answering letter.

JOSEPH PRENDERGAST.

New York, N. Y.

Kudos for McIntosh

SIR: I wish somebody'd say a word in praise of Hal McIntosh's skilful job in illustrating the "Tilley the Toiler" story [*SRL* Aug. 30]. His work helped to make it a thoroughly satisfactory contribution.

THEODORE MALCOLM.

New York, N. Y.

"My new robot stole my rocket to the moon and the rascal took my wife with him!"

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The War.

Two days after the landing of United States troops on Japan President Truman released the findings of the Army's and Navy's Pearl Harbor Inquiry Boards, which revealed a shocking story of unpreparedness and confusion. A joint Congressional Committee investigation of the disaster, starting two weeks later, further contributed to John Q. Public's bewilderment. But perhaps the real trouble lay in the fact that in the welter of accusations and counter-accusations nobody could yet tell where the blame really should lie. Here we review two new contributions which may help John Q. in his search for the meaning behind the facts.

Fog-Bound Harbor

THIS IS PEARL! By Walter Millis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 373 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

EVERY winter the trade wind blows against the mountain wall behind Pearl Harbor, rolling up an even more massive wall of fog; and on the other side, dramatically, all is sunshine. The violence of December 7 broke through this frame of light and darkness, and now Mr. Millis, with copious citation of current best sellers, theatrical hits, tourist advertisements, and department store sales, has produced these atmospheric effects on a grand scale. There is, in fact, so much verbal color that it is often difficult to understand exactly what is meant.

However, one thing is very clear; Mr. Mills has devoted himself to the defense of President Roosevelt and his civilian administration down to the man at the end of the line where the uniforms of Annapolis and West Point appear. Certainly a rebuttal has been needed since George Morgenstern's "Pearl Harbor" came out, but "This Is Pearl!" isn't that kind of book.

Two large questions are involved in the Pearl Harbor story, what happened and what led up to it; what came afterward was the war which dwarfed even that catastrophe. The answers to the first are simple. The Japanese achieved surprise although two generations of our naval and military officers had been indoctrinated with the formula that (as an intelligence officer later testified) "Japan's war with China in 1895 was started that way, their war with Russia in 1904 was started that way, their war with Germany in Tsingtao was started that way." So far it is apparently as clear as crystal.

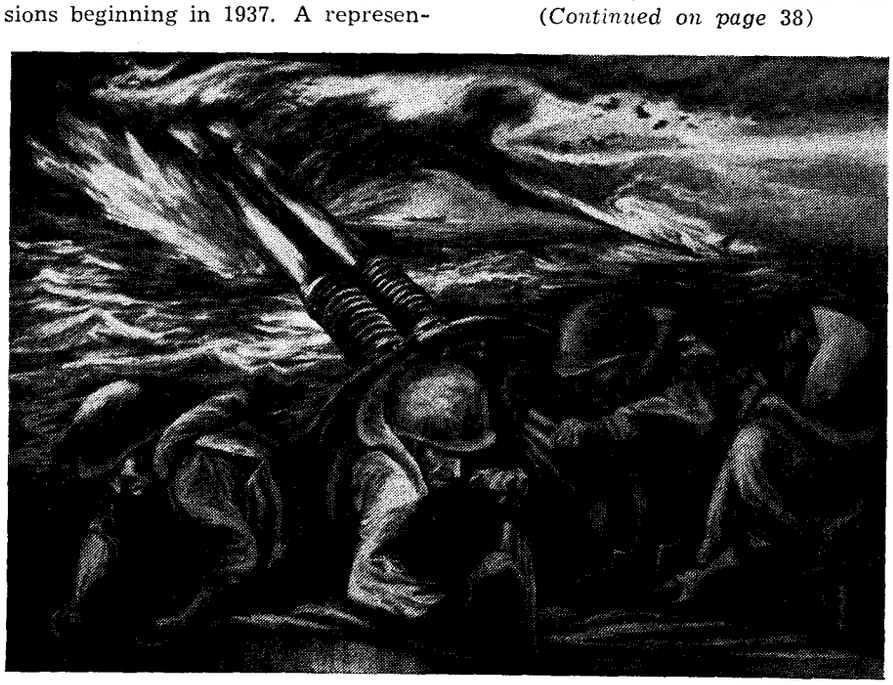
Mr. Millis therefore places all the blame that he can extract from the record on Admiral Kimmel and General Short, the field commanders at Hawaii. However, even this procedure is debatable, not so much because it is "rough justice" but because subsequent Army and Navy investigation exonerated, in substance, the admiral and the general. Perhaps we do have an over-professionalized military establishment, but if that is so we have a job on our hands which is much more serious than pinning the guilt of Pearl Harbor on anybody in particular. The issue that Mr. Millis raises here is larger than the case he tries to settle by it.

As for the answers to the second question, they are capable of almost infinite proliferation. A careful student will want to start from the perversion of history which made Japan an industrial nation. Mr. Millis limits himself to the six years before the war, and within that period his perspective is further limited to the effect upon us of the Axis aggressions beginning in 1937. A representative sample of his method must be extracted therefore from that setting; and there is no better instance than his treatment of the only officer who did some strategic thinking before the war, and had the courage to act upon it, thus bringing himself into the dangerous position between the Blimps and the politicians which cost him his career.

In May 1940, Admiral J. O. Richardson, commanding the Pacific fleet, proceeded with it to Pearl Harbor under protest, writing to Admiral Stark, his superior, "If the fleet is to go west (i.e., attack Japan) it can only start, properly prepared, from the West Coast where it can be docked, manned, stocked, and stripped, and a suitable train assembled." A few days later he wrote again: "Are we here to influence the actions of other nations (*i.e.*, Japan) . . .? Are we here as a stepping-off place for belligerent activity . . .? To try to do both from here and at the same time is a diversification of effort that can only result in the accomplishment of neither." In September he listed his objections to Pearl Harbor under seven heads: transport difficulties, inadequacy of harbor facilities, congestion, lack of training and recreation and housing and fleet maintenance facilities, adverse moral effect on personnel, and finally that in case of war the fleet would have to return to the West Coast for mobilization anyway. Stark's constant reply was that the fleet in Pearl Harbor was thought to have a moral effect on the Japanese.

Richardson felt so strongly about this that he went to see the President on October 8, who reaffirmed the

(*Continued on page* 38)



"Kamikaze Attack," by Edward Millman.

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Seeing Things

ROOM WITH A VIEW

THE SATURDAY on which I visited Flushing Meadow was this year's first September morning to offer the heady excitement of fall weather in New York. The sunshine was switchboard bright; the air a gulf stream of vitamins; the sky a clearer blue than della Robbia used. As I taxied across the Triborough Bridge, every window in every structure, even down to the far tip of Manhattan, was begging to be looked at. The light was distributed that indiscriminately. At almost any other time it would have entered into our hearts, too. Only three days, however, had passed since Secretary Marshall's speech, and two since Mr. Vishinsky had shouted his reply. Their words stood between us and the sun.

When I had last been inside the New York City Building at these very meadows, the World's Fair was in full swing. Naturally, as I saw the circle of national flags before the main entrance, I thought back to the Fair's opening. To that distant April day and the forecasts of internationalism it had brought to this selfsame section of Long Island. To the crowds stretching as far as the eye could see in the Court of Nations. To Mayor LaGuardia (in whose honor New York's flags were at half-mast this morning) welcoming the President. To Mr. Roosevelt speaking hopefully of what lay ahead, although the war in Europe was only four months off. To the differences between the "World of Tomorrow" as we then dreamed of it and as we know it to be now that tomorrow is here. To the war years which had brought about these differences, and the disquieting peace which has followed them.

The details of those war years had been quickened for me the night before. By chance I had been reading Robert Capa's "Slightly Out of Focus." I had met Capa with Clark Lee several times overseas. Even now I can see reflected on their faces the agony they had undergone, when the two of them returned to Algiers from Anzio. I had witnessed at Sicily, Cassino, Normandy, and in England scenes similar to those vividly described by Capa and of which he has made a memorable photographic record.

On page after page in his book I discovered that incidents which I had hoped were forgotten were only sleeping. I thought back also to how, in the midst of the tensions and horrors of war, all of us everywhere had longed for peace. For abiding peace. For the peace that we were certain *was* here not only when the whistles blew and the confetti fell but when the delegates first arrived at San Francisco.

That peace had seemed nearer then than it did this Saturday morning when I visited Flushing Meadow. It had seemed much nearer, although peace was the business of the building in which I found myself.

Physically, that building has adjusted itself with ease, even distinction, to the new purposes for which it is being used. As visitors to the Fair and motorists to Long Island well know, the New York City Building was one of the Fair's few structures meant to last. It was cement in a kingdom of plaster; durable in acres glorifying the evanescent.

History may have startled it by putting it to an unexpected use. That, however, is History's habit. When she is on the move, she does not share the interest in "functionalism" that architects feel. A certain indoor tennis court at Versailles was thus surprised by her. So in St. Petersburg was an aristocratic female academy, the Smolny Institute, when seized by the Bolsheviks as their headquarters. So, once upon a time, was the McLean home at Appomattox. So twice was a railway carriage at Compiègne. So more recently was a little red schoolhouse at Rheims.

It gives one a strange sensation to stand on the steps of this reminder of the World's Fair and try to reconstruct the scene of which it was once a part. That other scene has disappeared. It could not have been swallowed up more completely had it been dropped down an oubliette. Mobs have been replaced by vistas. Tall grass pushes, jungle thick, through abandoned roadways. Green lawns now cover sites crowded with courtyards, fountains, and buildings only seven short years ago. The Fair has vanished beyond re-creation. Though pleasanter than most, and innocent of ruins or rubble, its setting has become one of the countless new ghost towns. War could scarcely have been more wholesale in its obliteration of a modern city. What is now the temporary refuge of peace shares at least this fellowship with Coventry, Rotterdam, Stalingrad, Berlin, or Hiroshima. Yet the fact that the building in which the United Nations General Assembly meets was built for permanence has a symbolism of its own. Whether this is ironic or appropriate, the next few months will tell.

Human nature being what it is, many of us who live in New York (including some who traveled happily to San Francisco for the Conference) have not bothered to visit what is near at hand at Flushing Meadow. We who come as spectators forget that the delegates are not the only ones who have much at stake there. All of us—in every city in every land—are more deeply involved than we are by any other interest that is ours.

We may be novices at international gatherings. We may be ignorant in the ways of diplomacy. The fame of the people we are permitted to see from a respectful distance may overawe us. But neither their prestige, nor the hush that is upon the Assembly, nor the sound of foreign languages, the drone of interpreters, the sight of unaccustomed clothes, the tickets we must procure, nor the multi-lingual earphones we may use should make us feel like strangers there. This Assembly Hall is one place in the wide world that knows no aliens. Each man, however little or however poor, and regardless of his creed and color and the passport he bears, is a stockholder there. The pity is that he and his kind the world over have no direct voting rights. The men who presume to speak for nations all too frequently fail to represent their nationals.

IN SPITE of the melancholy reports from Flushing Meadow, I must admit I felt on going there something of that special excitement which overtakes us all when we are aware that we are spectators at history being made. Preversely enough, the court room at Nuremberg came to my mind. There, too, I had seen one room housing history. Yet the differences between the two gatherings were more than insistent. In themselves they were exhilarating.

The point of Nuremberg was to protect the future by punishing the past. The obligation of Flushing Meadow is to create a new world. At the one it was villainy which was brought to justice. At the other it is man's decency that is on trial. Perhaps more accurately it is his reason, since what is at stake is his ability to

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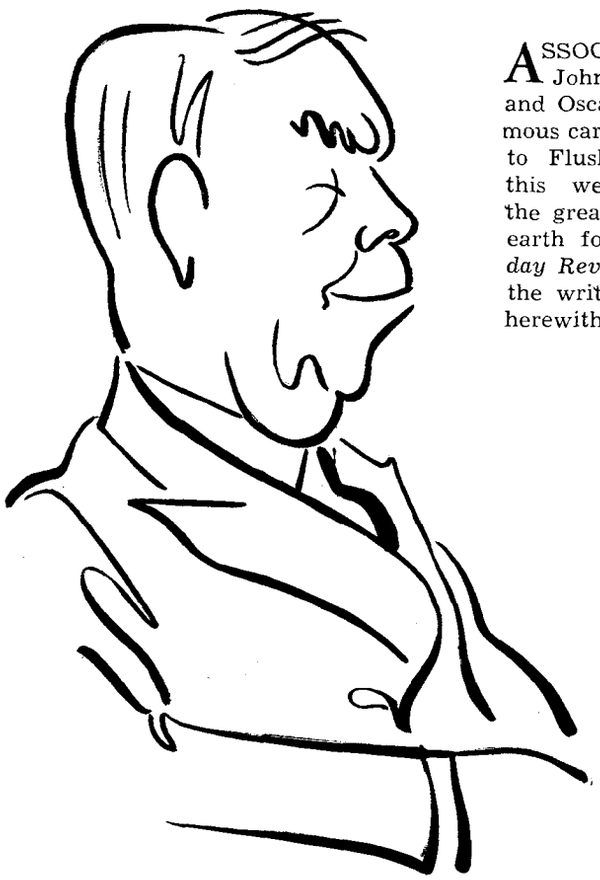
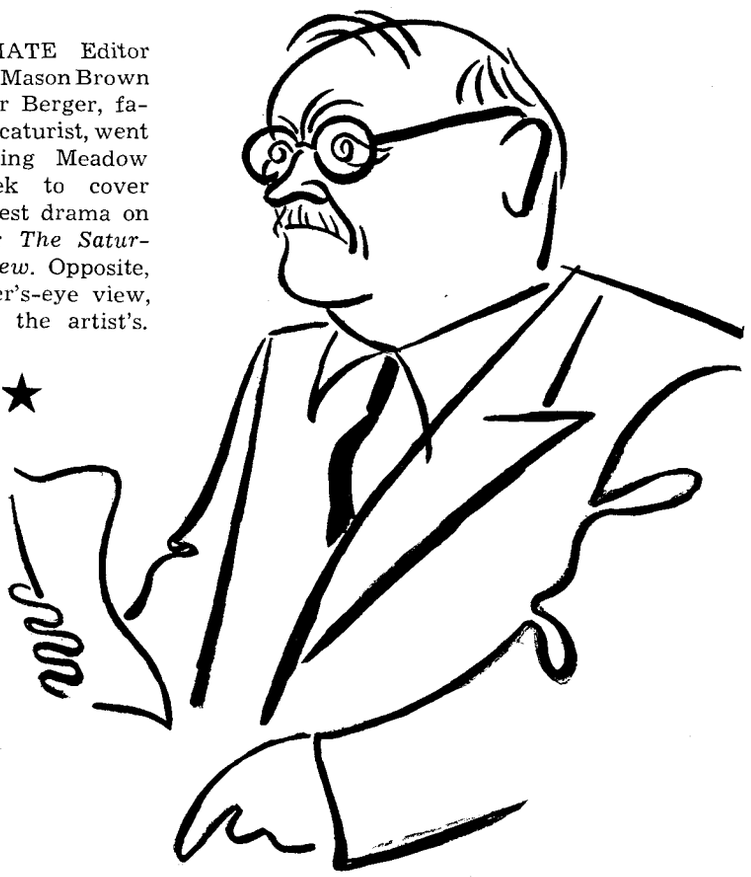
Seeing Things at the U. N.

ASSOCIATE Editor John Mason Brown and Oscar Berger, famous caricaturist, went to Flushing Meadow this week to cover the greatest drama on earth for *The Saturday Review*. Opposite, the writer's-eye view, herewith, the artist's.



United States Secretary of State George C. Marshall "listened . . . applauded . . . relaxed into a charming smile."



USSR's Andrei Vishinsky "listened . . . never applauded . . . a stolid, inscrutable force . . . showed unsuspected geniality."

In Czechoslovakia's name, Jan Masaryk "regrets the widening rift between the East and West."

For France, "Georges Bidault admits that the peacemakers cannot have followed the right path."

Great Britain's Hector McNeil sat glumly in a corner . . . rising only to respond to a question.

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order a rational world. At Nuremberg it was the presence of evil and the threat of the death penalty which were compelling; at the General Assembly it is the life hope which matters.

The revamped building at Flushing Meadow is surprising in that it reveals remarkably few traces of improvisation. Its press facilities are excellent and extensive; its corridors spacious; its lounges and cafeterias attractive. Modern without being "Modernistic," it represents a happy fusion of dignity and comfort.

The whole of it serves as an appropriate shell for the assembly hall it encases. This is an auditorium which manages to be dramatic without sinking into melodrama. Its lines are simple; its colors soothing though strong. Its atmosphere is worthy of the body for which it was designed.

Three figures—the Secretary-General, the President, and the Executive Assistant to the Secretary-General—face the auditorium from the impressive heights of a bare walnut dais. They seem lonely, small, inaccessible, and are properly forbidding.

Behind them is a buff-colored map of the world flanked by cool blue curtains. Directly below them is the platform the speaker must cross to reach the podium in its center which is its sole decoration. Below this is an enclosed section—almost an orchestra pit—containing the secretariat.

The ceiling is white. The walls of the auditorium are buff; the seats of the delegates gray-blue; the blotters on their desks pale green. The seats for the general public which flank the main floor and for the press in the gallery are a soft brick-red. The total effect is at once suggestive of a parliament, a high court, and a de luxe radio station, control rooms and all.

Only the well-intentioned but undiplomatic map on the wall leaves something to be desired. It manages to reproduce the United States and the Western Hemisphere with recognizable accuracy. Its designer, however, appears to have lacked a global point of view, since the further he gets away from home, the further he moves from geography.

It seems safe to say that no windowless room has ever commanded so extensive a view. Here is Rand-McNally in the flesh. That sudden inrush of geography which travelers in America know at railway stations in Chicago or St. Louis merely by scanning the destinations of departing trains is here experienced on an international basis. Luxembourg, Siam, Chile, Guatemala, Brazil, Ethiopia, Iceland, India, Paraguay, Iran, Peru, Lebanon, Liberia, Iraq—these and forty-one other nations are all represented, emptying the atlas until the main floor is filled.

What at first glance appears to be at last "One World" proves, however, to be two worlds, sharply divided and polarized around two giants. Everyone knows this. It is everyone's tragedy. It is a tragedy which does not end with the delegates. It just begins with them. Drama is always conflict. What redeems (though only partially) the long parade of speeches from dulness this Saturday morning is the conflict smoldering in the auditorium. It is heavy on the air not only of this windowless room but wherever the winds are free to blow. Yet never has interest been created at so great a price. The speakers agree on only two subjects—their awareness of a major crisis, and their admiration for Mayor LaGuardia who is dead. When they are not paying sin-

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cere tribute to him, they are either at loggerheads or deep in lamentations and in warnings.

One by one, the delegates approach the podium. Listening to them is not easy. It takes infinite patience to be a delegate and considerable patience to be a spectator. The speakers waste an unconscionable amount of time telling each other what any man in any street could tell them. Perhaps, however, there is hope in the fact the delegates know it, too.

"How far we are," sighs the Egyptian spokesman, "from the bright goal that seemed so near at hand when this organization was founded at San Francisco!" "The General Assembly meets in the shadow of widespread disillusionment," confesses the representative of New Zealand. He adds, "We should recognize that the United Nations has fallen short of its high ideals." With deep solemnity, Jan Masaryk regrets in Czechoslovakia's name the "widening rift between the East and West." Speaking ably for France, Georges Bidault admits that the peacemakers cannot have followed the right path, since the one they have pursued has led them to the present tension. "It is futile and dangerous," says he, "to conceal the magnitude and seriousness of the crisis. . . . If we [the delegates] had more regard for the men whose work and sacrifice gained us peace . . . no doubt the difficulties would be alleviated."

The speakers this Saturday morning did not hold the attention. As they talked on and on, they were no more than side-show attractions. The real centers of interest were two men, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Vishinsky. They were at once protagonists and antagonists. They personalized the conflict. From the spectators' point of view, what should have been the fascination of United Nations had shrunk to absorption in two disunited men.

Although at this session they were resting, one watched them as if they were boxers in their corners between rounds. Physically, they were separated by less than the width of the auditorium. In almost every other respect they were worlds apart. Plutarch could not have chosen two figures more antithetical. They could not have had less in common as individuals, as statesmen, as spokesmen for opposing ideologies. They were as dissimilar as their speeches had been.

Mr. Marshall was sitting in the fifth row to the left of the auditorium. His chair was backed out into the aisle for comfort. In his gray suit he was a spruce figure; suave, broad-shouldered, and erect. His hair looked

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much redder than his photographs show. Although he listened intermittently and applauded, he spent most of his time making notes. Occasionally, as when he shook hands with M. Bidault, his face relaxed into a charming smile.

Mr. Vishinsky was in the fourth row on the right center aisle. His massive white head and pink face were easy to locate from the press gallery. For the most part, he faced the dais, a stolid, inscrutable force. He too listened, but without any outward reaction. Once in a while he would turn and whisper to his no less poker-faced neighbor, Mr. Gromyko, who, in his black suit, was the embodiment of a negative. For his briefcase Mr. Vishinsky displayed a lawyer's fondness. He set it on its end and rested his arms on it, when he was not crossing them aggressively on his chest. He never applauded and left early, a powerful man who, when speaking to an acquaintance at the door, showed unsuspected geniality.

The delegates and the physical plant are not the only interesting exhibits to be seen at Flushing Meadow. True to its World's Fair background, the General Assembly Building still points to the "World of Tomorrow." In one of its rooms can be found a model of the proposed United Nations capital that is to be built in Manhattan. As yet this capital is as much of a dream city as true peace itself remains a dream. One thing is tragically clear. More—much more—than the skill of architects will be required to make these buildings complete.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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To the Editor
The Saturday Review of Literature

Dear Sir:

That article about the Port of New York Authority by Bennett Cerf was very interesting and must have aroused a great deal of interest in the Port Authority itself.

THEY BUILDED BETTER THAN THEY KNEW by Julius Henry Cohen contains in detail the story of how the Port Authority came into existence. It presents portraits of all of the people who participated in its inception and its progress. In the chapter on Alexander Shamberg there will be found a full account of the fight to preserve the tax immunity of Port Authority bonds, as well as of state and municipal bonds — on the basis of which the recent Chicago Transit Authority was able to market One Hundred Thirty million dollars of bonds. Everyone who buys a state or municipal bond should know this history. Everyone who is interested in the development of the Port of New York should get this background.

On the basis of your interesting article, I think many of your readers will be encouraged to buy the book. The price, incidentally, is $3.75, and it's available at all bookstores. It is full of interesting vignettes of such personalities as Alfred E. Smith, Theodore Roosevelt, Louis D. Brandeis, Belle Moskowitz and Franklin D. Roosevelt. There is also the account of the early days of struggle to secure the present collective bargaining arrangements between the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Manufacturers. The book is being used in the Cornell School, dealing with problems of labor and management. J. C. Rich, editor of The Hat Worker, the official organ of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union says:

"For a rounded picture of the growth and development of the major industries in New York in the past fifty years, 'They Builded Better Than They Knew' supplies the color and perspective that only an observer stationed on the other side of the fence can give if he is honest with himself and devoted to the subject. Mr. Cohen is both."

Sincerely yours,

Julian Messner

THE WAR

(*Continued from page 33*)

moral policy. Richardson's reply was that "the presence of the fleet in Hawaii might influence a civilian political government, but that Japan had a military government." Next month, at a conference with the Secretary of the Navy, Richardson persisted along the same line; and still later he went to see the State Department's head man on Far Eastern problems. Finally, Richardson was sacked. He was replaced by—Admiral Kimmel.

Here is the crucial case, in all the smoke and dust surrounding Pearl Harbor, by which to determine whether there was then, and if not whether there should now be devised, a more efficient relationship than in the past between the civil and military executive, for it is upon this relationship the defense of this country in any future war rests. And what does Mr. Millis do with it? Let us quote in full.

> Admiral Richardson, who did not believe that the Fleet in its unprepared state had much restraining value at best, wanted to withdraw to the lost comforts and conveniences of California.

It seems to this reviewer that Admiral Richardson, rather, may have a case there.

Pavlov's Men

AND BLOW NOT THE TRUMPET. By Stanley D. Porteus. Palo Alto: Pacific Books. 1947. 304 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

INEVITABLY any book about the Pearl Harbor disaster has an aura of post mortem about it. Since most people tend to shy away from post mortems—apparently on the theory that men are entitled to go on making the same mistakes—it may be difficult to attract a large number of readers to this book by a psychologist who has turned to popular writing. Yet Dr. Porteus supplies a footnote to history that, in justice, needed to be told. He does so in a style often sharp and amusing, light in manner yet well weighted with facts.

The book takes its title from Ezekiel: "If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet . . . if the sword come and take any person from among them . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand." Dr. Porteus does not

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spare the lash in exposing the military blunder which resulted in Pearl Harbor. He brings to the foreground the fact that the military command itself had in 1941 prepared an estimate predicting the attack which occurred a few months later—even to the number of carriers, the hour of attack, and the distance at which the planes would be launched.

As a psychologist he advances a theory having some merit—since no other theory, excuse, or explanation has held up—to explain why the military could warn themselves of the very danger which materialized and yet be asleep when it happened. Everyone knows the Pavlov experiment with dogs whereby saliva was caused to flow when a bell rang. The sequel is not as widely known—that when withholding the food for sixty seconds instead of ten after ringing the bell, the hungriest dogs went to sleep. A similar lassitude appears to have overcome admirals and generals at Pearl Harbor who had been on the alert for several years. Maybe the Japanese had read Pavlov. Or maybe they merely read Aesop, and applied the old "wolf, wolf" cry in reverse.

But if the military were asleep, Hawaii's citizens were not. It is the record of their preparedness that occupies most of Dr. Porteus's book, and it is a record worth preserving. Dr. Porteus might have quoted Robert Shivers, Federal Bureau of Investigation head in Honolulu, who told a Congressional committee:

> It was not the civilian population who was confused. Nowhere under the sun could there have been a more intelligent response to the needs of the hour than was given by the population of these islands. . . . It is high time that the people of the United States should be told of Hawaii's contribution to this war, which is unequaled in the annals of our country.

Dr. Porteus does that, quite thoroughly—perhaps with more geography and more statistics than the average reader would care to follow. Yet why and how civilian Hawaii was prepared for war when the armed services were not is a thing worth knowing. In these times, when we lean more and more upon men of military experience, it may be a matter of vital importance.

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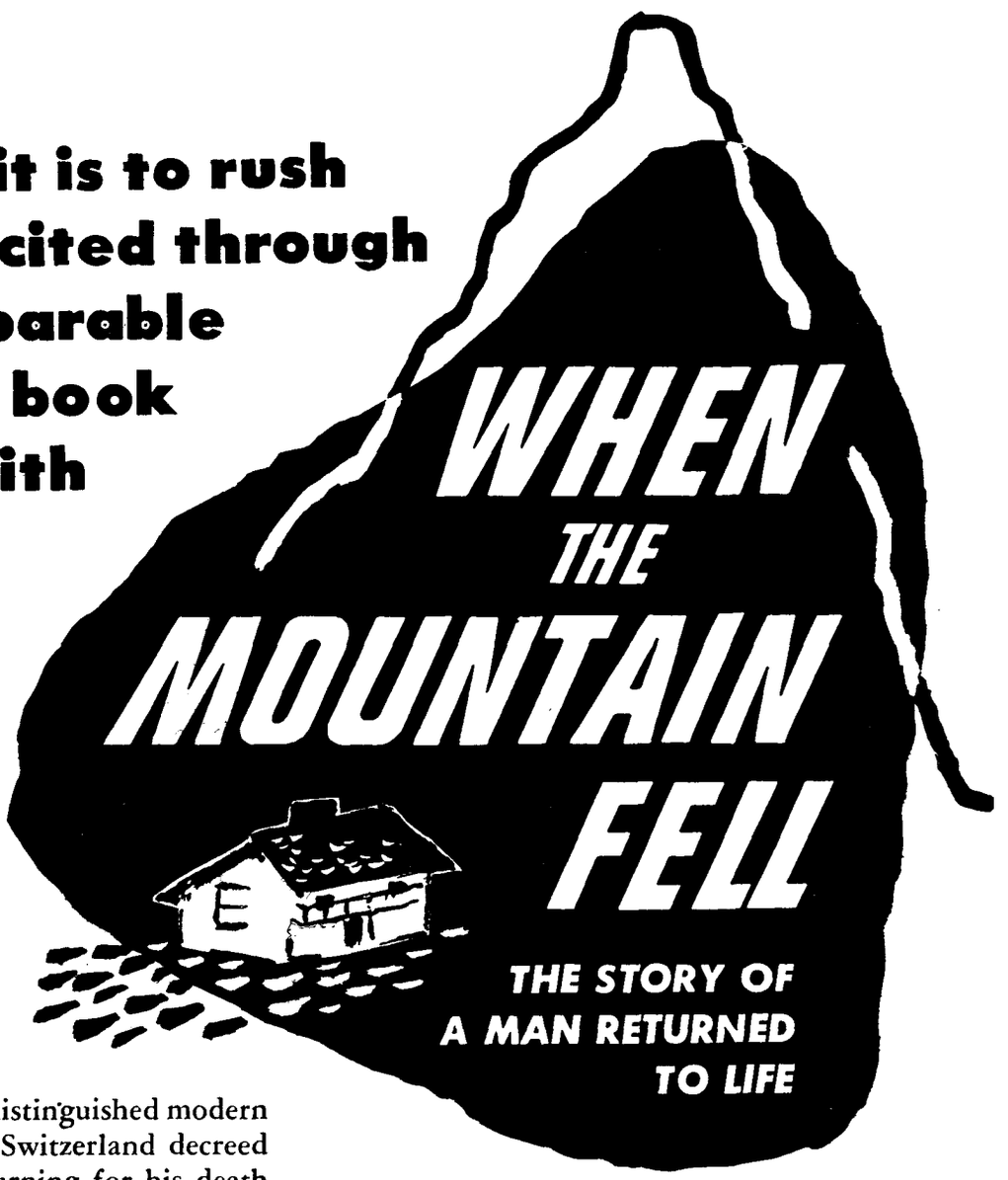

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The World.

Robert Payne makes it refreshingly clear that a poet need not be tied down to verse-making. In his "Forever China," and now in his "The Revolt of Asia," he has brought the instinctive imagination and the vigorous affirmation of his poetry (see SRL's *review of his "The Rose Tree" in the Oct. 4 issue) to bear on the problems of his beloved Asia. Prolific Payne's six books this year about Asia, including his forthcoming journal "China Awake," should stimulate interest in the Orient already aroused by such books as Edmond Taylor's "Richer by Asia" and Harold Isaacs's "No Peace for Asia." . . . "The Von Hassell Diaries," reviewed below, add one more to the recent studies of the German underground, which include Dulles's "Germany's Underground," and Gisevius's "To the Bitter End."*

Asia, One or Divisible?

THE REVOLT OF ASIA. By Robert Payne. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 299 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT OKIN

This book is about the greatest single event in human history—the revolt of Asia . . . A billion peasants from the Asiatic heartlands are determined that they will never again suffer the humiliation of colonization, and they are hammering out for themselves a way of life that is neither capitalist nor communist, but adopts the benefits of both. The Asiatic revolt is in full tide, and its potential power and resources are incalculable. Asia is one, and from now on must be regarded as one; there are connecting links between the new revolutionary states that give a grave unity to the whole . . .

SO begins Mr. Payne who, although an Englishman, eschews understatement. From this thesis, flung down without hint of qualification, Mr. Payne proceeds, ". . . The World is now divided cleanly into two—Asia and the West; it is significant that Russian influence has played almost no part in the revolts of recent years . . . Democracy, decaying in the West, is being revived in the East. . . . The world center of gravity is shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific . . ."

Mr. Payne might be described as a moderate Leftist with a passionate belief in the Asiatic masses and the certainty that with industrialization, the development of power resources, radio, irrigation, sanitation, and the cooperative movement they will take the lead in the world. There is no complaint about his viewpoint, his humanity, or his faith. Nor can anyone deny that something is happening in Asia. It has long been predicted and the newspapers make it plain for all to see. But what about Mr. Payne's interpretation?

What is certainly true is that the old days of European economic imperialism have gone. There are important political and economic changes going on swiftly before our eyes. Yet "the greatest single event in human history"? Are a "billion peasants" really "hammering out for themselves a way of life"? Or are political changes taking place at the top of which the peasant is barely aware and which will make no fundamental difference to him for generations to come? Is Asia really one? The new India is not one—it is at the very least three and between Hindus and Moslems blood is being shed today in proof. China is not one—it is at least two and there is active civil war as proof. Nor in Indonesia, which Mr. Payne calls the most successful of all Asiatic revolts, is there oneness. The Indonesian revolt currently affects only the islands of Java, Sumatra, and Madura. Borneo and the Celebes did not revolt. These are obvious enough differences to cause qualifications.

Carry the argument a little further: because the day of the West is done in the Orient does that mean that the Orient is one? The most elementary common sense indicates that it is not. India and China and the Philippines are no more a unit than France, Germany, and Britain. And if you want to argue as Mr. Payne does you might just as well say this: When India, China, and the Philippines do reach modern industrial strength they are as likely to fight among themselves as not. One may snatch readers' attention with broad, sweeping statements and arbitrary long views—but so does a Hearst editorial.

It is too bad that Mr. Payne irritates by his brash certainties for there is much in this book that repays a reader. There are individual studies of the countries of Asia written with considerable ability. There are sketches of Asiatic political leaders which are fresh, politically mature, and—allowing for Mr. Payne's opinions—informative. The author knows the Orient from a career that includes jobs as Armament Officer at the Singapore Naval Base, British Ministry of Information representative in Chungking, Professor of English Poetry at Fuhtan University, Professor of English Poetry and Lecturer in Naval Architecture at Lienta University in Kunming. He has visited most of the countries he discusses and has met many of the leaders he portrays. He has also collected Chinese verse and written six other books.

The best parts of the "Revolt of Asia" are not the political diagnoses; they are the sensitive appreciations of Oriental peoples and their way of life. In writing of Indonesia he says:

An Indonesian kampong has none of the ordered beauty of a Chinese village; there are no sculptured marble memorials to dead virgins, no camel-back bridges, no decorated temples with gold leaf on the flared roofs. The Mohammedan temple is bare of ornament; the Moham-

—"Women Building Airfields," by Lih Fu, from "China in Black & White."

"A billion peasants from the Asiatic heartlands are hammering out . . . a way of life that is neither capitalist nor communist, but adopts the benefits of both."

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medan gravestones are simple plinths standing forlornly in the earth. As dusk falls, the village becomes almost indistinguishable from the surrounding fields, the palm-leaf huts merging into the countryside.

Of Mahommed Ali Jinna, the thin, coldly bitter leader of India's Moslems he says, "His smile resembles the gleam on the handles of a coffin."

That is vivid, simple writing and though one may quarrel with some of Mr. Payne's political rocket flights there can be no quarrel with his literary skill.

Noblesse Oblige

THE VON HASSELL DIARIES: 1938-1944. *By Ulrich von Hassell. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1947. 416 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN FORD

ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1944, at the Ploetzensee prison near Berlin, Ulrich von Hassell was executed for his participation in the Beck-Goerdeler conspiracy to assassinate Hitler and overthrow the Nazi regime. As far as the Gestapo was concerned, hanging closed the dossier of the former German diplomat, whose criticism of Nazi leadership had led to his dismissal from the post of ambassador to Italy in 1938. But in actual fact, Hassell's contribution was far from over. His brilliant diaries for the years from 1938 to 1944, the last volumes of which were still hidden in his Bavarian garden when their author died in Berlin, were collected in Switzerland where they appeared in an edited and abridged edition last year. Now, in an excellent translation, they become available to readers in the United States.

Few books published in English have provided any real insight into the intellectual atmosphere within the Axis countries during World War II. In this respect, Hassell's journals belong in the select company of "The Ciano Diaries" and Malaparte's "Kaputt." Unlike Ciano and Malaparte, however, Hassell emerges from his pages as a morally impressive and generally rather attractive personality.

Part of the interest of the book lies in the fact that its author's thinking is clearly revealed as proceeding on at least two different levels. On the one hand, we are confronted with the cultured aristocrat, the faithful member of the Weimar Dante Society, the connoisseur of drama and music, for whom all Europe, in his own words, had *le valeur d'une patrie* and for whom a Germany cut off from

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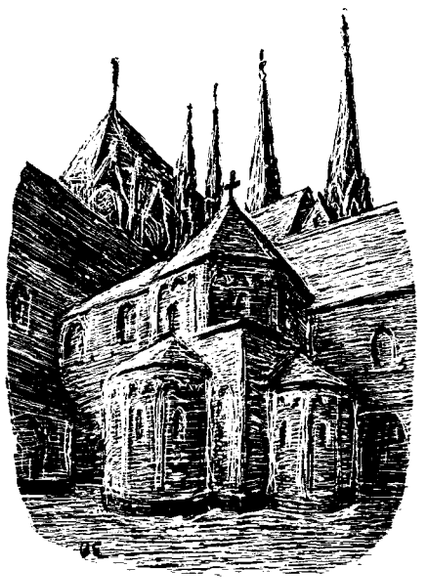

the main stream of Western culture by brutal rulers was almost unbearable. The social and political views expressed are so conservative that they can only be called ultra-violet, if the practical spectrum of recent European politics is looked upon as ranging from communism, which frightened Hassell, to fascism, which horrified and disgusted him. If the diaries contained nothing except news items from the *Adelsblatt,* visits to the Alvensleben and Bismarck estates, and evaluations of the Hohenzollern princes, we should have to dismiss their writer as a pathetic anachronism, strayed from the world of Prince Hohenlohe into another beyond his comprehension.

It is just here, however, that a quite different level of thought emerges. By training and sentiment Hassell was bound to a dying concept of society; but the striking point is that he knew it. At least he recognized the brittleness in the thinking of his aristocratic friends. Within the few years spanned by the present volume, the reader witnesses a reluctant development toward greater awareness of social forces scarcely describable in the vocabulary of the author's own class. Part of his life was fantasy, lived amid coats of arms and wearers of the Black Eagle; but though these trappings never ceased to charm him, his cool mind identified them as fantastic nonetheless.

There will be few observers of Hitler's Europe to rival Hassell in

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

AMERICAN AUTHORS ABROAD

American writers of the past and present whose careers included notable sojourns abroad are the subject of this week's quiz by Edwin Halbmeier, of Long Island. Allowing 7 points for each one you can identify, a score of 49 is par, 63 is very good, and 70 is excellent. Answers are on page 47.

1. This Virginia novelist and short story writer served as ambassador to Italy during World War I.
2. Famous for one song out of his many plays, this dramatist spent his last years as consul at Tunis.
3. His only novel, one of the all-time American best sellers, was completed while he was dying of tuberculosis near Naples.
4. Appointed by Lincoln to be consul at Venice, his book describing life there enjoyed long popularity.
5. English-born Revolutionary patriot, he served in the French National Convention.
6. Stories of the Far West continued to pour from his pen even while he was consul at Glasgow.
7. Though a native of New Jersey, this poet wrote several of his longest pieces while serving as secretary to a West Indies planter.
8. At the close of a career as poet, essayist, and critic, he served as minister to Spain and later to England.
9. Jumping ship, this novelist spent two years on a Pacific island before being picked up by a whaler.
10. His four years as consul at Liverpool served as material for a work on English life.
11. This American poet, essayist, and novelist had his first book privately printed while a Rhodes scholar at Oxford.
12. An Oregon judge, his first important volume of poetry was published while he was staying in England, where his bizarre costume caused a sensation.
13. Although his life-long interest had been the history of the Netherlands, Lincoln appointed him minister to Austria.
14. This New Jersey-born novelist spent his last years in England and died in the Black Forest.
15. While attached to the legation in Spain, he delved into the country's archives to write a life of Columbus.

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the richness of recorded observation. In the world of diplomacy he knew practically everyone. Though himself outside the German government, he had countless intimates still highly placed in the foreign office and the armed services. His incessant travels took him to a dozen Continental capitals and involved him in peace feelers as late as 1940. His pages are sprinkled with acute comments on events in Britain and America, as well as with estimates of Mussolini, Ciano, Pétain, Antonescu, Teleki, King Boris, and Yugoslavia's Prince Paul, to mention only the most important—all written with urbane detachment and wry wit.

I have purposely said little of Hassell's resistance connections. He was one of the half-dozen most important German anti-Nazis, at least of that class which could make its opposition felt; and he has left a detailed record of the conspiracy which was eventually to cost him his life. This part of his story, however, is by now relatively familiar. To read him only as a source on the plot would be to lose the breadth and intelligence of his other observations.

Hassell accepted defeat and death with a courage which has earned him the respect of every surviving acquaintance. There is about his whole career a stoic consistency which places him beyond any charge of opportunism. It is, to be sure, the consistency of a lost cause, compounded of social elitism, cultural elegance, and a religious conviction which provided a basis for personal decency but none for mass political action. He was never quite at home in the twentieth century. All that admitted, his diaries are a remarkable expression of European traditions and values which a sensitive and nostalgic man saw expiring in the tragedy of the Third Reich.

Autumn Turning

By David Morton

THE curve is downward, now,
Inward . . . homeward . . . slow;
The leaf turns from the bough
Earthward . . . The leaf will go
A way that leaves know.

The harbor, the sweet shore
The rest from wind and light,
The center, the last core,
Calls, beyond sound and sight,
In the October night.

The leaf hears, and the man,
Watching, he will hear,
Across the gray and wan
Reach of the heart's year,
And turn to the heart's dear.

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LITERARY SAMPLER

(*Continued from page 18*)

in trouble, who have been watching and waiting, see that there is no clue to God's alleged disapproval and seek the same escape. The Church loses caste; but, before it has lost too much, modifies its view of divorce.

Another voice that cries aloud to the throng of married and marriageable is public opinion. Says public opinion: "Reno is a sink of iniquity. Adultery is a cardinal sin. 'Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.' Protect youth with ignorance. Cast out the man or woman who does not think with the herd."

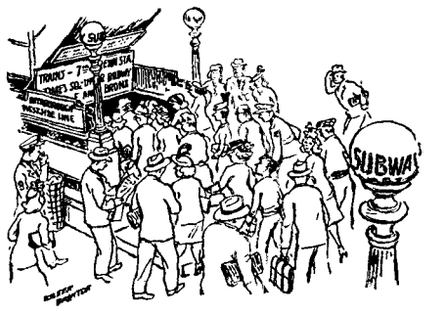
But events carry forward with the ponderous irresistibility of a steam roller. The Arkansas legislature moves to amend its divorce laws so that they will resemble those of Nevada. Other state legislatures listen to similar bills. Important publicists urge easier divorces through the medium of books and articles. Men and women discuss the subject with candor from public forums. Youth refuses to be led by the nose. Statistics show a quickening increase of divorce. Slowly public opinion shifts to acceptance of divorce. Divorce no longer causes comment. It is the private right of the parties concerned.

Still another voice is that of Morality. Morality teaches that sex is unclean. It admits that the mechanics of impregnation and gestation are of profoundest import to the race; yet stigmatizes them as part and parcel of human depravity. It seeks to make prigs and prudes of us all—until a few brave men and women make themselves heard. Bold parents teach their offspring that the magic of sex can be beautiful and worthy of high esteem. Courageous thinkers with commonsense achieve a limited recognition for birth control. Educators here and there teach body hygiene in schools. Clean-minded youth horrifies its elders by facing the intimate facts of life, discussing them openly, and develops a robust ambition to bring forth strong children for the next generation. Morality, a creature of many masks, changes its face with panicky celerity. It approves with gusto in 1947 much that it shrank from in 1900.

—From "Is Marriage Necessary? The Memoirs of a Reno Judge," by George A. Bartlett (Pelican Books).

Love Those Critics!

SAXON took command of the table. "You asked about critics. This is



how it is. A man writes a play. Say, a man named Eric Busch.

"So he brings the play to a producer. Say me. It's chosen out of hundreds of scripts that will never see any stage. So the producer finds money, backers. Say Humber here. Or a dozen Humbers. There's a lot of money in jeopardy, not counting the writer's time or the producer's efforts. Anywhere from seventy-five thousand to twice that. More if it's a musical.

"Then this play, which the writer worked on for a solid year or two, and thought about for maybe a decade, is sweated over. There are weeks, sometimes months, of revising. As Eric can testify, it's the bitterest kind of writing there is.

"Then we all think the play is finally right. So we cast. Performers who have spent their lives in the theatre read it, worry about it, try to decide whether it will run long enough to justify the weeks of rehearsal and out-of-town tryout. But nobody really knows whether the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 225

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 225 will be found in the next issue.

UP ZSM PVVQ FVAQK

XMHYUYZ UD SUY PVQQJ

SM FVAQK RMLVBM FUYM.—

F. RQCOM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 224

The man we celebrate must find a tomb, and we that worship him, ignoble graves.

W. COWPER
—The Task

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play will click, or even if it's any good.

"Only the critics know." He drank some champagne and continued. "The play opens out of town. Maybe the provincial critics like it, perhaps audiences rave, and word-of-mouth advertising sells out the house.

"Does that mean anything? No.

"The play comes to New York. Opening night, packed with people who laugh their heads off, give your star eight curtain calls, and sometimes, though rarely, chant 'Author, author.'

"Does that mean anything? No. A handful of men, one or two of them perhaps hungover like Janet's friend, go ill-naturedly to their typewriters and proceed to inform all of us, writer, producer, director, backer, actors, and the public, whether or not we've put on a good show.

"No one else knows. No one else cares what anyone other than the critics say. If they like it, the play's a hit. If they don't, the play's a flop.

"And who are these few men to whom we grudgingly submit our theatrical destinies? Some of them are literary-minded men, readers rather than lookers, neither understanding nor liking the world of illusion they are paid to judge. Others, drunks or graduates from newspaper beats. Occasionally, a genuine theatre lover, but lacking the talent to write plays, only owning the skill to write about them.

"But let's say they all know their business, a charitable assumption. What motivates them? Why do they write what they write? Is the play really the thing to them?

"Answer, again, no. A critic will always tell you that he is moved by his obligation to his readers. He will say that he cannot let down the folks who look to him for guidance, that he does not wish to con them into paying four-eighty for a wasted evening.

'And there's not a word of truth in it.

"A critic," said Saxon, "above all desires to look good, both to his boss and to his readers. He wants everyone to read his review and say, 'Ah, what a clever fellow.' That is what makes a critic tick.

"So to accomplish his objective, he has two weapons. One, he affects a possession of high, unassailable standards of the drama. As long as he plays safe with revivals of the classics, that affectation grants him the privilege of attacking any new, contemporary production without harm to his own job or reputation. In fact, the less he likes, the higher his standards seem.

"But, most important, he protects

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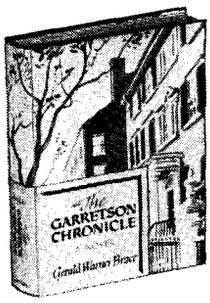

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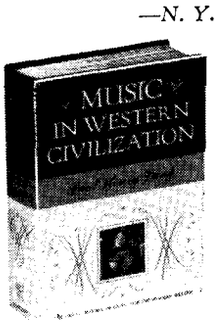

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his job by weapon number two. He gives the public what it wants. And that, friends, is not a guide to what's good on Broadway. No, sir, the public wants to see the old cat-o'-nine-tails applied."

Saxon mimicked the public, "Boy oh boy did you read what Daniel Dramaturgy said about "The Comic Spirit?" Heh-heh-heh. Wait'll I tell you. He said the title was too long, that it should have been cut down to one three-letter word *The*, as the play lacked both comedy and spirit. Get it? Heh-heh-heh."

He said, "Thus, in one sentence the critic maintains his reputation for high art standards and devastating wit. Also his job. What happens at the theatre, on the stage, is unimportant. The sharp stinging line, not the play, is really the thing. Me he will dispose of in even fewer words. Quote, Oh yes, Matt Saxon misdirected, unquote.

"And you can't change it. It's human nature. I'd be like that if I were a critic. In fact," he said, "show people themselves love to read pan notices about somebody else. There's satisfaction in seeing their own friends and brothers guillotined. I won't say show people are jealous, but a flop review about a play they're not directly connected with makes them feel good.

"We're all alike. Selfish, greedy, and sadistic."

—From "The Saxon Charm," by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart).

Danger Signals

THERE IS a barometer which often records in a curious way the end of a fashion or a whole literary movement at least as accurately as critical opinion. I mean the study and teaching of literature in the universities. New literary schools, pioneer authors, and fresh moods and methods of writing, begin to be taken seriously by the scholars, edited, lectured upon, and used as examples of the literary wave of the future, just as their vogue is ending, the novelty exhausted, and they are ready either to be forgotten, or to take their place in literary history with eras that still shine but have ceased to give out heat.

When the universities begin to take what they call modernism seriously, it is a danger signal for critics. It may mean only that radicalism or sex in literature has become respectable, but usually there is a better reason. Hemingway, for example, became academic material when it was recognized that he had made articulate idiosyncrasies of the last two decades which have to be admitted as material for literature because they now are seen to have been obviously there.

Yet recognition by teacher and scholar seems usually to come just as a Hemingway, or a Proust, or an Eliot has finished his job of pioneering, and, if he is still alive, is preparing to go somewhere else, or lapse into repetition. I remember that I myself helped to edit Robert Louis Stevenson for freshman classes at a time when it was daring to use any contemporary text for college instruction.

But this was at the very moment when that brilliant stylist, so influential upon my generation in its youth, was being outmoded in the literary world by new styles and new points of view. The fault was not in teaching Stevenson, of course, but in describing him as a modernist when his virtues were already those of a classic of a period definitely ended.

—From "American Memoir," by Henry Seidel Canby (Houghton Mifflin).

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

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FOOLS DIE ON FRIDAY *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.50)	Fatal high-jinks with arsenic provides Donald Lam with many opportunities to display distinctive detective prowess, with Bertha Cool fulminating furiously.	Lam, whose mental processes singularly resemble Perry Mason's, is adroit as ever. Bertha Cool and other quaint characters supply sundry good laughs.	Standard brand
BLACK OPAL *J. Lane Linklater* (Mill: $2.50)	Bludgeoning of Cal. "rock-hound" supplies private 'tec Booth and assistants with chances to catch killer and do some genteel blackmailing.	Surprisingly casual, but convincingly canny sleuthing; interesting dope on desert stone collectors; flashes of humor, and unexpected solution to complex plot.	Pretty good

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947

State of New York } ss.
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Cominsky, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 76,063. (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of September, 1947. Henry G. Pohlman. (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Nelson Page. 2. John Howard Payne. 3. Edward Noyes Westcott. 4. William Dean Howells. 5. Thomas Paine. 6. Bret Harte. 7. Philip Freneau. 8. James Russell Lowell. 9. Herman Melville. 10. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 11. Christopher Morley. 12. Joaquin Miller. 13. John Lothrop Motley. 14. Stephen Crane. 15. Washington Irving.

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CRITICISM

(*Continued from page 20*)

deceptively informal in tone, unpretentious in aim. They are the result of "a number of short journeys of rediscovery" undertaken during the war years. They are "too idle and specific" to be called literary criticism, he says; they are the reflections "of an ordinary reader who has some private axe to grind." The result is nevertheless an excellent collection of essays centered around the standard English novelists, with excursions to the French, Russians, and Americans.

Fluent, witty, Pritchett's criticism is reminiscent of *The New Yorker* school. If you want a phrase to sum up Fielding or Smollett, who opens the volume, or Whitman, Stephen Crane, and Dostoievsky, near the end, "The Living Novel" is the place to go. Along the way there is George Eliot, who not only turned out to be a Victorian idol with feet of clay but, what was worse, "appeared to write with them." There is D. H. Lawrence, who wrote about "that part of our nature with which it is useless to argue." There is Conrad, whose Destiny is an idea poisoned by exile and dwarfed by a bad temper. There is Mérimée. "A writer might learn his art from him and dread the perfection he had learned."

The point is, of course, that Mr. Pritchett is not really concerned with such bright phrases; they flow out of, they are not set apart from, his main narrative, and they form an introduction to his larger generalizations about the environment of these writers, their social and moral milieus.

He is probably most eloquent about the nineteenth-century ethic which is already foreshadowed in Samuel Richardson's great novel of "procrastinated rape," of constrained sexuality, like Clarissa Harlowe's, that is "insatiable in its wish for destruction." This is awfully good, but Mr. Pritchett can match it with his studies of Balzac or H. G. Wells. The underlying thesis of "The Living Novel" is the change in the moral fibre of the novel after the eighteenth century. The loss of the broader concept of "Man," the conversion of the goddess Fortune into a coupon clipper while the novel itself turns from character to "conditions," the familiar Victorian refuge in fancy and sentiment with its pervasive undertone of fear that directly outside the comfortable sitting-room lies "an undefined world of wickedness, hunger, catastrophe, and crime"—the world of the poor: this is Mr. Pritchett's recurrent and melancholy theme.

It is a theme that is particularly pertinent to our own society and art, of course; a society that for all its stress on free enterprise and total individuality has lately shown not much concern for the more modest concept of a free individual. I suppose I should add that "The Living Novel" will be of primary interest to "serious students of literature." But it isn't quite so. Mr. Pritchett does have a private axe to grind. He believes that the ordinary reader will be interested in reflections such as these. He is remarkably persuasive.

Not in La Mancha Only

(1547-1947)

By David Morton

NOT IN La Mancha only and at last,
But here, in secret, on the dismal plain
Of hearts grown homesick for a splendor past,
You ride for folly's own peculiar gain.

Our sense is common and is over-laid
With dust wherethrough no eerie shinings glint,
And what is owed to fortune, here, is paid
In duller coin than issued from your mint.

Or so it seems to us who ride—at what?
And never for Dulcinea—but for whom?
And yet, who knows, it may be, like as not,
Some other eye than ours may see our doom

As windmills charged in addle-pated rage
Whose sober folly lights another page.

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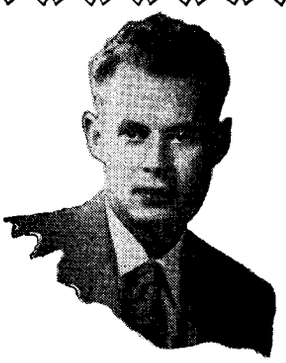
attitude changed immediately. She did not break the date then, but later she telephoned and said that she would be unable to see us. What precisely she perceived in me of interest I do not know, but probably it was the sudden transformation of the faithful "darky" into a man covered with magic white skin which titillated her. Southern women have generally been more friendly toward the Negroes than Southern men—who are largely responsible for the chiaroscuro effects in the race—and she may have felt that in some way I represented her faith and efforts, rather than the infidelity of her ancestors. Or she may have thought, "Are you sure?"

I am sure. There can never be a doubt. I have seen Negroes, male and female, killed by mobs in the streets of Atlanta. I stood with my father, who was a mail carrier, and watched them die. The next night they came to the Negro section, perhaps five thousand of them. Our house was just outside the section, above it, on Houston Street. It was a neat, modest home, in which my father and mother raised a family of seven children. The whites resented our prosperity; so at times, did the Negroes. The Negroes resented our white skin, and the ethical standards which my parents maintained themselves and required of their children.

IN THE darkened house that night there were my mother and father, four of my sisters and myself. Never before had there been guns in our house, but that night, at the insistence of friends, we were armed. My father was a deeply religious man, opposed to physical violence. As we watched the mob go by, their faces weird in the light of the torches they carried—faces made grotesque and ugly by the hate which was twisting and distorting them—my father said, "Don't shoot until the first man puts his foot on the lawn; and then don't miss."

I heard a voice cry out, a voice which I knew belonged to the son of our neighborhood grocer: "Let's burn the house of the nigger mail carrier! It's too nice a house for a nigger to live in!"

In the flickering light the mob swayed, paused, and began to flow toward us. In that instant there opened up within me a great awareness; I knew then who I was. I was colored, a human being with an invisible pigmentation which marked



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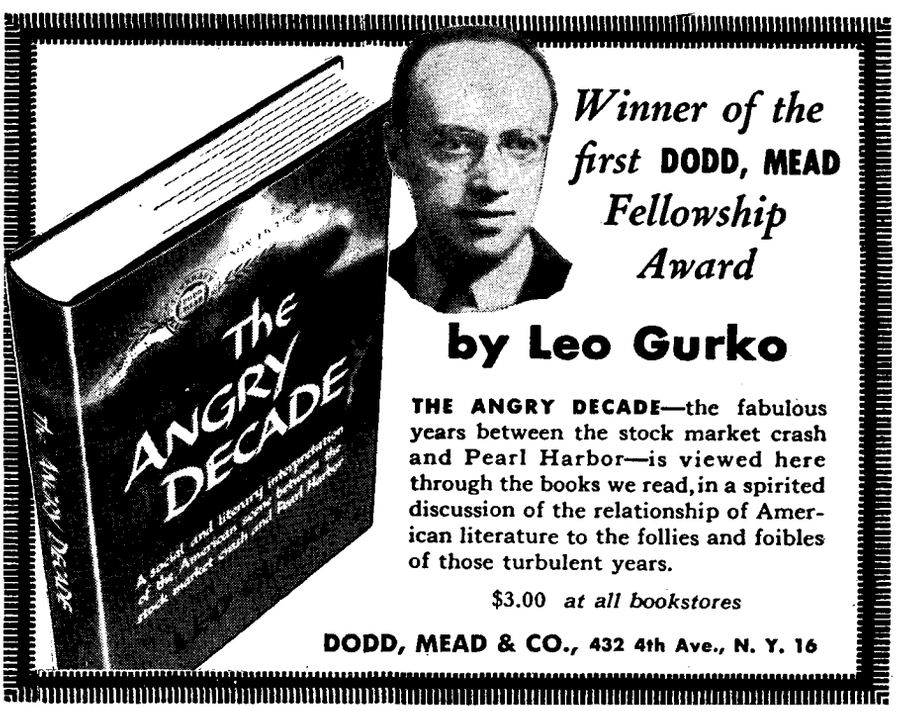

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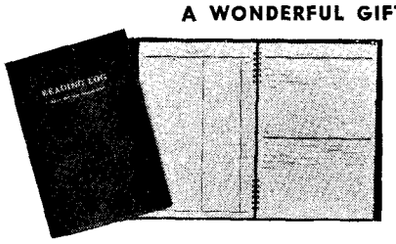

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me a person to be hunted, hanged, abused, discriminated against, kept in poverty and ignorance, in order that those whose skin was white would have readily at hand a proof of their superiority, a proof patent and inclusive, accessible to the moron and the idiot as well as to the wise man and the genius. No matter how low a white man fell, he could always be certain that he was superior to two-thirds of the world's population, for those two-thirds were not white.

It made no difference how intelligent or talented I and my millions of brothers were, or how virtuously we lived. A curse like that of Judas was upon us, a mark of degradation fashioned with heavenly authority. There were white men who said Negroes had no souls, and who proved it by the Bible. Some of these now were approaching us, intent upon burning our house. My father had told us to kill them.

It was a violence which could not be avoided. The white men insisted upon it. War was with them a business; war and pillage, conquest and exploitation, colonization and Christianization. Later, when I was older, I thought about this and I began to see why. Theirs was a world of contrasts in values: superior and inferior, profit and loss, cooperative and non-cooperative, civilized and aboriginal, white and black. If you were on the wrong end of the comparison, if you were inferior, if you were non-cooperative, if you were aboriginal, if you were black, then you were marked for excision, expulsion, or extinction. I was a Negro; I was therefore that part of history which opposed the good ,the just, and the enlightened. I was a Persian, falling before the hordes of Alexander. I was a Carthaginian, extinguished by the legions of Rome. I was a Frenchman at Waterloo, an Anglo-Saxon at Hastings, a Confederate at Vicksburg, a Pole at Warsaw. I was the defeated, wherever and whenever there was a defeat.

Yet as a boy there in the darkness amid the tightening fright, I knew the inexplicable thing—that my skin was as white as the skin of those who were coming at me.

The mob moved toward the lawn. I tried to aim my gun, wondering what it would feel like to kill a man. Suddenly there was a volley of shots. The mob hesitated, stopped. Some friends of my father's had barricaded themselves in a two-story brick building just below our house. It was they who had fired. Some of the mobsmen, still bloodthirsty, shouted, "Let's go get the nigger." Others, afraid now for their safety, held back. Our friends, noting the hesitation, fired another volley. The mob broke and retreated up Houston Street.

IN THE quiet that followed I put my gun aside and tried to relax. But a tension different from anything I had ever known possessed me. I was gripped by the knowledge of my identity, and in the depths of my soul I was vaguely aware that I was glad of it. I was sick with loathing for the hatred which had flared before me that night and come so close to making me a killer; but I was glad I was not one of those who hated; I was glad I was not one of those made sick and murderous by pride. I was glad I was not one of those whose story is in the history of the world, a record of bloodshed, rapine, and pillage. I was glad my mind and spirit were part of the races that had not fully awakened, and who therefore had still before them the opportunity to write a record of virtue as a memorandum to Armageddon.

It was all just a feeling then, inarticulate and melancholy, yet reassuring in the way that death and sleep are reassuring. Years later, when my father lay in a dingy, cockroach-infested Jim Crow ward in an Atlanta hospital, he put it into words for me and my brother.

"Human kindness, decency, love, whatever you wish to call it," he said, "is the only real thing in the world. It is a dynamic, not a passive, emotion. It's up to you two, and others like you, to use your education and talents in an effort to make love as positive an emotion in the world as are prejudice and hate. That's the only way the world can save itself. Don't forget that. No matter what happens, you must love, not hate." Then he died. He had been struck by an automobile driven by a reckless driver—one of the hospital doctors.

I have remembered that. I have remembered that when, sitting in the gallery of the House or the Senate, I have heard members of our Congress rise and spill diatribe and vilification on the Negroes. I have remembered it when the Negroes were condemned as utter failures in soldiering. I remembered it when, in the Pacific, where I went as a war correspondent, a white officer from the South told me that the 93rd Division, a Negro unit, had been given an easy beachhead to take at Bougainville, and had broken and run under fire. I collected the facts and presented them to him. Bougainville was invaded in November 1943. The 93rd was ordered there in April 1944. The first night it bivouacked on the beach, and motion pictures were shown.

I remembered it when I talked with

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my nephew for the last time, as he lay in a bitterly cold, rain-drenched tent on the edge of the Capodichina airfield near Naples. He was a Georgia boy, the youngest of four children. His father, like mine, was a mail carrier. He, like me, could have passed for a white man. By sacrifice and labor his parents provided him with a college education. He won a master's degree in economics, and the next day enlisted in the Army Air Corps, as a Negro. He went to the segregated field at Tuskegee, Alabama.

He hated war, he loathed killing. But he believed that Hitler and Mussolini represented the kind of hate he had seen exhibited in Georgia by the Ku Klux Klan and the degenerate political demagogues. He believed that the war would bring all of that hate to an end. He was a fighter pilot. He fought well. Over the Anzio beachhead he was shot down, bailing out and escaping with his right leg broken in two places. He was offered an opportunity to return home but he refused it. "I'll stick it out until the war is finished or I am," he told a friend. Later, returning from a bomber escort mission to Germany, his plane lost altitude over Hungary, was fired upon by anti-aircraft batteries, and was seen striking a tree and bursting into flames. That was the end of one of the men Senator Eastland of Mississippi described as "utter and dismal failures in combat in Europe."

It would be easy to grow bitter over such things, but in remembering my nephew and our last conversation, in which he asked me whether the war would really bring an end to prejudice and race hatred, I remember also the Negro corporal of an engineers unit, who said to me, "This is the only work they would give me, but I don't mind. We learn a trade; we do constructive work. The combat soldiers are taught how to kill. It will bother them. It will stick with them. It will have no effect on us. We will not have to unlearn it."

I could be sophisticated about the advantages of being a Negro. I am amused, for instance, at the fact that because it is considered remarkable that a Negro can write a book at all, a passing fair volume by one of my brothers is frequently hailed as a masterpiece. Everyone with the slightest sense is aware that genius has no color line. Everyone knows also that people generally choose friends and companions for their taste, manners, intelligence, and personality. Yet it does not occur to him that Negroes do likewise. Therefore he often mourns that we colored people cannot freely associate with whites, when it should be obvious that if we did have this privilege we would like no more of them for friends than he does. It is beyond the imagination of a white man to think that to a Negro he is dull.

NEGRO athletes and singers do not benefit from their color as do Negro scientists and intellectuals, for whereas the latter are considered wonderful if they attain mediocrity, the former are expected to surpass anything the whites can do. In the main, however, I have found it advantageous to be a Negro. My sense of humor is never without material, and I am easily able to judge the worth of white people by their reaction when they discover that I am not white. I am also able to add to my knowledge by pondering the fact that the people who turn away from me when they are told my identity are the most superior of all the peoples, for they look down upon those who are not afraid to be seen with me, and call them "nigger lovers."

Sometimes it is more enlightening not to insist that I am a Negro. Once on a subway going to Harlem I fell into conversation with a man who spoke with a marked German

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THE NEW
INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY
Vol. XI October 11, 1947 No. 9

Murder Suspect Hunts Self

John Wilson existed for only four months. But in those four months he married a bride and abandoned her—and walked out of a room leaving behind him a murdered man.

John Wilson ceased to exist on February 21st in a subway train.

Roy Marshall regained consciousness on February 21st in a subway train. There was a fresh bullet wound in his shoulder. There were four blank months missing from his life.

Dizzy and frightened, Roy Marshall wandered automatically into a bar. The bartender greeted him. "Hello, Mr. Wilson," he said.

From that moment Roy determined to find out what John Wilson had done during those four months. He found that John Wilson was wanted by the police—for murder.

Roy Marshall was almost convinced that John Wilson was a murderer. There was only one small hope—the stubborn belief that only a born killer will kill. But when he found the murder weapon with his prints on it, and heard the shocking sound track, Roy became less sure.

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by Will Oursler
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"A Masefield Item not to be missed"
—LIBRARY JOURNAL

Lewis Crommelin Masefield was a young writer of great promise, which can now never be fulfilled—for he was killed in action in 1942. His father John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate, has written an introduction for his novel that is a moving tribute to the memory of a gifted young man. The novel itself, *The Passion Left Behind*, is about young men in the London publishing world, and is remarkable for its honest observation and absolute sincerity.

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The Passion Left Behind

accent. "This used to be a pleasant line to ride on," he said. "But now there are too many Negroes. They have a distinctive smell." He wrinkled his nose.

"Suppose you and I had to do the same kind of work they do on the docks or over hot kitchen stoves," I said. "That is the kind of work Negroes are forced to do *because they are Negroes*. Would we be odorless—particularly if we lived in antiquated, crowded, segregated tenements, which we were forced to inhabit also because we were Negroes? Would we reek of lilies of the valley?"

He looked at me with amazement. "But Negroes *do* smell," he insisted.

I was tempted to paraphrase Dr. Samuel Johnson and tell him that "It is you who smell; they stink." But instead I quoted from the late James Weldon Johnson, who said, "Do you imagine the manufacture of deodorants is exclusively for a Negro market? I notice that the advertisements invariably feature a young and beautiful girl—a white girl."

The man shook his head, "I've lived in this country for thirty years," he said. "You're the first white man I've ever heard talk like that."

Looking at him I recalled an incident in Brooklyn during the early part of the war. A plant was manufacturing the famous and secret Norden bombsight. The plant refused to hire Negroes, but did hire persons of German descent. Most of these were loyal Americans, but a few were arrested by the F.B.I. for stealing the secret of the bombsight, and convicted. But it was too late. Germany got the information and passed it on to Japan. One of the officials of the company told a friend that, "I'd close down the plant rather than hire niggers."

Negro soldiers made a good record in this recent war. They have in previous ones. Yet I recall with uneasiness the grimness on a Negro soldier's face when he told me, one day in the Pacific, "Our fight for freedom will start the day we arrive in San Francisco."

It has indeed, and there are times when I have felt with a sweep of fear that the patience of the colored man is close to its end. I remember the clamoring stillness and the blood heat of a day in Georgia. A lynching was prevented when a band of colored women walked with cans of kerosene toward the village store, a terrible calm upon their faces, an awful quiet in their silent stride. I remember how I felt when I stood beside my father and knew that the whites would not let me live, that I must kill them first and then be killed.

Yet I know, I know, I know that there is no reason for this killing, this hatred, this demarcation. There is no difference between them. Black is white and white is black. When one shoots the other he kills his reflection. Only hate, the negative force, can separate them; only love, the positive force, can bind them together.

I am one of the two in the color of my skin; I am the other in my spirit and my heart. It is only a love of both which binds the two together in me, and it is only love for each other which will join them in the common aims of civilization that lie before us. I love one for the sins she has committed and the fight she has made to conquer them—and conquer them, in great degree, she has. I love the other for her patience and her sorrows, for the soft sound of her singing, and for the great dawn which is coming upon her, in which her vigor and her faith will serve the world.

Some of the members of the black race are passing over to the white race. It may be that I am one of these; that I am a member of a vanguard that in the millennium to come will transmute the great potentialities of the colored races into the civilizations which are to follow. I pray that those civilizations will be better and more virtuous than ours, and that the bridge which I and others are building will grow strong and be a highway for good.

I have a feeling that life is a rushing force, certain of its course and destination. Our bodies are its medium, and it shapes them to its use. As the social pattern of the Negro evolves, will his color change? Is it changing now? We do not know, and I, for one, am sure that it does not matter. I am white and I am black, and know that there is no difference. Each one casts a shadow, and all shadows are dark.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
STRAVINSKY. DUMBARTON OAKS CONCERTO (1938). Dumbarton Oaks Festival Orch. Stravinsky. Keynote DM 1 (2 *plastic*)	First in new "manuscript" series. Unusually successful over-all type recording, very wide range. One mike, 30 ft. from orch. and soloists. New plastic: slight hiss, no ticks. Engineering date in album notes. The S. is technically more satisfactory thanks to variety of instruments & tone color.	A+	If you allow for 20th c. brusqueness, a good-humored, enjoyable work, sparse, strong rhythmed, in best S. medium, the small orch. of solo players. Concerto grosso style. Players listed in album notes.
VIVALDI, CONCERTO GROSSO IN D MINOR, Op. 3, No. 11. Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orch., Alexander Scheider, leader. Keynote K 2003 (1 *plastic*)		A—	At last a natural, unaffected, authentic performance, essentially as written, minus "modernizing." Beautiful string playing.
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PIANO MUSIC. Andor Foldes. (Barber, Copland, Piston, Sessions, Thomson, Schuman, Harris, Bowles.) Vox 74 (4 10") $5	Good piano recording, seems bit thin on the bottom. Nicely unpercussive. Usual poor surfaces that seem to plague Vox.	B	Given task of assembling 4-record cross-section, an interesting collection of contrasted U. S. trends, most sympathetically played. But too short! More, please.
BACH, SUITE #2 IN B MINOR. Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. Reiner. Columbia M 695 (3) $4.55	Wider tonal range than Victor's recent Boston S. version but not as brilliant a sound nevertheless.	A	More symphonic Bach, over-blown, full of Romantic "interpreting." Koussevitsky's (VM 1123), is preferable to this.

KEYNOTE

IRVING KOLODIN has pointed out some of the innovations that John Hammond of Keynote has made in his new "Manuscript" series (above). These new records are of great interest in several other respects, that make them this column's special business. The Hammond musical policy is, it seems to me, the ideal one for a smaller company (see Vox, *SRL* July 6, 1946). Keynote is an addition to the growing group of record makers who instead of grasping for their pitiful share of the big company repertory works and big-name artists, turn to the enormous mass of unused, unrecorded music everywhere waiting for the hearing, and to the reservoirs of fine performing talent that, again, lie outside the galaxy of first-rank star names. More and more those new companies which have a musical, as distinct from a business, policy are coming to see that this is the only way; more record buyers are realizing that breath-taking quantities of music are to be had outside of the fifty Great Pieces, the standard repertory; and that one does not necessarily have to begin, either, with the Brahms First, "Till Eulenspiegel" and the "Blue Danube" before tackling "Dumbarton Oaks" or the Twelve Handel Concerti Grossi! (The sooner our beginners are rid of the necessity of first learning the repertory cold, the better off they will be, in my opinion.)

It is interesting that though Vox, Concert Hall, Concord, Technichord, Disc, to name a few, all subscribe to the general theory outlined here, each has its own brand of range of music. Keynote, with emphasis on works for small semi-orchestral groups of solo players, will fill an important spot, and is likely to set as high standards of performance as have yet been seen in small company music. Technically, Keynote is featuring unusually fine "high-fidelity" engineering, a new type of unbreakable record, compromise between shellac and vinylite with advantages of both, and especially noteworthy, a price that is only twenty-five cents higher per record than standard big-company shellac. This policy (undercutting both large and small companies) and the insistence on fine engineering and fine music will not make John Hammond's competitive way any easier. I am sure that we record buyers owe our strongest support to an enterprise with as much idealism combined with professional know-how as this one boasts.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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FALL ALMANAC

(*Continued from page 15*)

family life and more especially of the childhood and adolescence of a daughter of the family, a book that is interesting and understanding.

November

The first volume of what will undoubtedly prove one of the notable collections of correspondence of the next few years appears in "Franklin D. Roosevelt: His Boyhood Letters" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), compiled by Elliott Roosevelt. The President's mother apparently kept his letters from his earliest years and those here contained range from his childhood notes through Groton and Harvard days. Very much the sort of epistles which any affectionate boy of the privileged classes would write, they are significant rather as a prelude to what is to come than in themselves. Interesting, too, as a commentary on the dictum that the child is father of the man.

* *

In "Letter from Grosvenor Square" (Houghton Mifflin) John G. Winant gives an account of his stewardship as Ambassador to Great Britain.

* *

Readers of *The New Yorker* will be familiar in the main with Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason" (Viking). Gathered together in book form, and somewhat revised and expanded, these reports of the treason trials in England constitute a brilliant discussion not only of particular instances but of the philosophy of treason. Miss West writes of evil deeds and doers but she writes with the pen of angels.

* *

John Bakeless has not hitherto been known as an American historian but with his "Lewis and Clarke: Partners in Discovery" (Morrow) he enters the ranks with an excellent book. Not only is it, despite the much that has already been written on the subject, an absorbing chronicle but it is highly interesting for its excellent biographical portraits of the explorers.

* *

During the First World War one of the medical men who served abroad who came into great prominence was Dr. Crile, a controversial figure for some of the theories he advanced but widely quoted for his studies of fatigue, etc. His wife, Grace Crile, has edited, "with sidelights," the life story death put an end to his writing. "George Crile: An Autobiography" (Lippincott) gives a picture of the man not only in intimate guise and in his war activities but in his later labors as head of a famous hospital and clinic in Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Hesitant voters who will hold their judgment in abeyance on Presidential possibilities until all the evidence is in will be interested in Harold Stassen's "Where I Stand" (Doubleday), for here the self-avowed Republican candidate sets forth, with lavish quotations from texts, his stand on matters domestic and international.

* *

Back in the time of the first Roosevelt one of the prominent figures in the Administration was Gifford Pinchot, "the father of conservation" in America. His autobiography, "Breaking New Ground" (Harcourt, Brace), is now posthumously issued and shows again the good fight he made for the preservation of America's natural riches.

* *

Still other national figures of the recent and not quite so recent past find portrayal in Richard N. Doan's "The LaFollettes and the Wisconsin Idea" (Rinehart), which is both biography and political history.

* *

In his customary beautifully finished style, Lloyd Morris presents a fascinating chronicle in "Postcript to Yesterday" (Random), which is a survey of the customs and culture of Americans in the years between 1896 and 1946. It is an absorbing picture which he gives, breathtaking in the rapidity and completeness of change it depicts in certain phases of social life. Women should be especially interested in the opening chapters which portray the changing status of woman from "ladyhood" to the position of political citizen and economic independent.

* *

The first part of the "Autobiography of William Woodward" (Dutton) is a pleasing chronicle of American childhood and youth while the later sections contain all sorts of tidbits of literary gossip along with their relation of Mr. Woodward's activities. There's an amazing tale of Dreiser and "Sister Carrie" in one of the chapters that should serve as warning to any novelists careless enough to send out their manuscripts without keeping carbons of them.

* *

Under the title "The Cold War" (Harpers) Walter Lippmann is issuing in book form the articles which have been running in the *New York Herald Tribune* and which constitute a critical study of the now noted "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," by Mr. X., originally published in *Foreign Affairs*, and later reprinted in *Life*. Since Mr. X is now known to be George F. Kennan, a member of the State Department, this small book becomes a study in United States foreign policy.

* *

Anyone interested—and who is not?—in what in early days was called mesmerism will find every aspect of the field considered in Robert W. Mark's comprehensive and interesting "The Story of Hypnotism" (Prentice-Hall).

* *

If publishers' plans do not go aglee, November will see the publication of a batch of novels by well-known and much-liked authors: "The Pearl" (Viking), by John Steinbeck, entirely different in spirit and character from "The Wayward Bus"; "Great Mischief" (Viking), by Josephine Pinckney, whose "Three O'Clock Dinner" was a Literary Guild selection and is destined for the screen; H. E. Bates's "The Purple Plain" (Little, Brown), like the story which preceded it a story of the war and aviators but with the scene laid this time in Burma instead of in France; "Step Down, Elder Brother" (Rinehart), by Josephine Niggli, a tale of Mexico; "The Stainless Steel Kimono" (Simon & Schuster), by Elliott Chage, short stories, fresh and effective, of fighting men; a collection of short stories, "Circus in the Attic" (Harcourt, Brace), by Robert Penn Warren; Hodding Carter's "Flood Crest" (Rinehart), a novel of the South; and Herbert Gorman's "The Cry of Dolores" (Rinehart), a story of Mexico and the first rebellion, in 1810, against the hidalgos.

December

What was projected as a trilogy, and issued as such in England, is to appear here in one volume. "Wax Fruit" (Farrar, Straus; the title is still tentative), by Guy McCrone is a long, full Victorian novel with the scene laid in Glasgow, and with a varied and rich cast of characters and incident that is interesting, lively, and plausible.

* *

In "About Lyddy Thomas" (Random), Maritta Wolff has depicted a post-war group of young people of whose lives and philosophy war has taken its toll.

* *

Excellent biography, Gerald Johnson's "The First Captain: The Story of John Paul Jones" (Coward-McCann) is rich in color and eventful happening.

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the Phoenix Nest

SONG OF THE NEW MOTHER

"NOW I am one with all women,
Proud at last to be
One with the vast, salt waters
Of an all-consuming sea.

Now I have lost my strangeness,
Am disciplined and tamed
As a river when it empties
Into ocean, and is claimed.

As close to my awe-filled bosom
I cradle my baby's head,
I am a cave-bred mother,
With her child in her rock-formed bed:

I am the Hebrew Rachael
Clasping her longed-for son;
I know how Mary's heart throbbed,
Holding the Blessèd One.

Now I am one with all women;
Suddenly ego-free,
I who was just a river,
Now have become the sea!"

VIRGINIA MORAN EVANS.

* * *

JUDGMENT ON DANIEL

We call you, Daniel Defoe.
Awake and speak! We want to know
Why Crusoe, in a lonely land,
Saw just *one* footprint on the sand.
We ask you, Daniel Defoe,
Where did those other footprints go?

LUCY NEWELL.

* * *

Thoughts By the Way: It is amazing to me not to be able to find in Webster's Biographical Dictionary the name of the author of a book that is one of my bibles, namely Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, sometime Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and author of "The History of British Civilization." The first edition of this book appeared in 1928, the second edition (revised) in 1930, and since then there have been several reprints. The author "pulls no punches," as we say in America, and writes as a highly intelligent man and a thoroughly informed scholar. His style is clarity itself and full of acute observation. I know few other books to which you can turn for sane, humane, and mature justice of comment on the course of English history when confused by the slapdash pronouncements that we hear on every side today. Some of his remarks are drily delicious, and there is not a grain of sawdust stuffiness in him. Harcourt, Brace & Company are to be congratulated on bringing out this book in America. . . . A tribute to such a poet as wrote "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and "The Haunted House" and to such a humorist in voluminous verse as only one age has seen, was once penned by another English poet whose own verse is Pentelic marble. For once Walter Savage Landor wrote the following "Confession of Jealousy":

Jealous, I own it, I was once.
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit, it would not do;
At tenderness, that fail'd me too;
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood.

The more one reads Thomas Hood today, the more as a poet his stature grows. In his light verse he gave us the best puns to be rhymed. But his ballad of "Fair Ines" ranks with the best of Coleridge or of Poe. The beginning is pure magic:

Oh saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.

I am sure that memories of "Eugene Aram" were in the mind of Oscar Wilde when he wrote his extraordinary "Ballard of Reading Gaol"; and Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt" were two of the only poems of the early nineteenth century that reflected a time when, as Wingfield-Stratford says, "The new industrial system was allowed to evolve itself, and evolve it did in the most wasteful, slipshod, and cruel of all possible ways." He follows with several sentences which such of our legislators as possess the ability to read and ponder might take to heart —not that they will—at a time when the automatic economic adjustments so fondly trusted by the economically naïve and superstitious minds of the Grand Old Party show very little sign of endorsing their prophecies. Remember, the words I quote refer to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and we are now nearly halfway through the twentieth!

> Even for the employers, the struggle for survival was desperate and the spectre of ruin seldom very far off. Markets fluctuated, booms and slumps trod on each others' heels in the most bewildering way. The course of business was left not, as theorists supposed, to the free play of enlightened egotism, but to the reckless optimism and mad panic that alternate nowhere more disastrously than in the mass psychology of business men. This alternation of slump and boom was no new thing, it had gone on continuously at least since Tudor times, but no one had thought out a financial system for regulating it.

In our own dear country, they haven't thought one out yet! . . . People say, why be always reading of the past, the present is so much more important. Is it? It may be so far; but I don't think it is going to be very important in a few years, now that everyone is preparing for war, and the end of civilization, so-called, is definitely in sight. The past gives one most entertaining parallel to the present, till the animosity between Whigs and Tories in England at the beginning, say, of the reign of William III, seems no more ridiculous than the furious hubble-bubble in our own Congress, and the punitive measures taken by one party against another, while all the real needs of the country are tossed merrily out of the window. . . . The Nest wishes to join the many in the United States who lament the death of Fiorello LaGuardia, one of the best mayors our own city of New York has ever known, a staunch fighting liberal, a man who represented the most salutary force in city, state, and national politics. It is our great loss that he has been taken from us so early. It would seem as though the larger number of our great liberals had now left us; and how badly we need statesmen in this crisis of the world! However, why repine! Contemplate Mankind, and say with Pope:

Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Fall Letter from Mrs. Kingsley

DEAR Double-Crostickers: Every now and then a letter of appreciation comes from an unexpected quarter, cheering us on our way and encouraging us to maintain established DC standards. Two such came recently from very busy young men in the public eye—Leonard Bernstein, from the Berkshire Festival where he was assisting Koussevitzky; and Norman Corwin, from Los Angeles, presumably interrupting Hollywood activities. The latter enclosed two home-made DC's by himself and Ira Gershwin as an exchange, each to the other, of pleasantries.

Anent that critical mistake in #695, in which the name of the engineer was substituted for his building, such mistakes are never intentional, as some of you bitterly seem to think. One, for which *I* was responsible in #688, was called to my attention by Anne McCaughey, New York, in which I quoted in the Masefield selection "tired heart" and "bruised feet" for "bruised heart" and "tired feet," though the mix-up was not the sort to interfere with your puzzling.

In Series 20, a North Carolina puzzler wrote me that I had erred in calling the state flower the ox-eye daisy. It is the dogwood on good authority, she added. Thereupon I took the matter up with the WNI, my authority, which reported that the ox-eye daisy by common consent had long been the state flower until in 1941 the State legislation established the dogwood as such. But they failed to specify which dogwood, and, since the state flower of Virginia is the flowering dogwood, WNI is awaiting a clearing-up of the situation.

Some of you think that I deliberately hoard up words for your confounding. In a recent DC I had used the word *Rolland*. As I needed one *l* for another word, *Rolland* became *Roland*. In the end I had one o left over. What to do with it? *Rolando* sounded familiar but I was probably thinking of *Orlando*. But, eureka! *Rolando* was a famous anatomist in W.B.D. and thus you and I were the wiser for its use. *Teen age* in another DC was so simple. WNI gave *teenage* as a brushwood used for fences and hedges, but it was labeled *Dial. Eng.* and as such unfair to use at least by my standards except in special cases.

Among our DCers are not a few octogenarians who write us that DCing is a happy way of passing time. No one's letters were more welcome than those of George Boissard, Madison, Wis., who passed from this scene last March in Tucson, Ariz. His many years of experience in journalism, travel, and business had brought him into contact with the world's great, and his genial nature delighted in sharing such experiences with others. Notice of his passing, with the part DC's played in his advancing years, came from his wife, his son, and from Professor Emeritus George Wagner of the University of Wisconsin. We have heard also through Elizabeth Wood, Philadelphia, of the death of Agnes Tierney, Quaker and civic worker, and of H. A. Domincovich, long connected with the English department of the Friends' School there.

It is always a joy to meet our DCers face to face. Before I left New York for my Vermont stay M. L. Stolz, Syracuse, N. Y., called; and Forest Alter from Pittsburgh way, who had written us during the war from France, escorted me to Columbia University to demonstrate to a DCer group in his library course the making of a DC. 'Twas a most pleasant experience with a keenly receptive group. Here at Middlebury I have met Mrs. Isabelle Rush, Wayne, Neb., and Jane Borst, Montclair, N. J., both students at the summer school of English at Bread Loaf; Mrs. Caroline Stewart, good sport and dynamic personality, Indiana, Pa., and her son Ernest, the former editor of the alumni magazine at Princeton U., and his wife; Helena L. and Alice D. Duschak, Buffalo, who recommend very soft pencils for the annoying glossy puzzle sheet; O. S. Poland, Reading, Mass.; Miss M. O. Pollard, Middlebury correspondent of the *Burlington* (Vt.) *Free Press;* Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Morton (Christine, the artist), and Mrs. J. U. McAvoy and her sister Virginia Newcomb, New York City; Mrs. Gretchen Preston, San Francisco; Mrs. C. C. Conover, Kansas City, Mo.; Professor A. D. Seaver, University of Vermont. Dr. Conover greeted me—for I had met them last summer before Mrs. C. knew of DC's—with the grim remark that I had cost him $125. I sensed that it was for reference books for his wife but was pleased to hear her add that he helped her solve them, for I like such conjugal collaboration; whereas Professor Seaver on invitation experienced a séance at making a DC. It was great fun to note how tenaciously he clung to terms in mathematics or physics he had set his heart on using and which had to be transformed in order to utilize letters left over at the end. Professor Seaver sent the DC beautifully finished to Mrs. Stewart, who agreed with me that it was an amazing first performance.

Unfortunately space limitations prevent the inclusion here of all those whose letters have been most welcome, but we mention some of these: Jason Lindsey, formerly of Hollywood, wrote desperately for back numbers. He met DC's years ago through Mrs. Mary Backus, New York, en route to Finland. He is now at Tokyo, Japan, costume designer of the Special Services Department of General MacArthur's Headquarters located in the Ernie Pyle Theatre in Tokyo, and whose plays tour the hemisphere from small musicales to grand opera. W. H Hunter, to whom we sent DC books when he was in Long Beach Hospital, Calif., now writes of his colorful life as assistant naval attaché of the American Legation, Bangkok, Thailand, and the part DC's play in the days of himself and friends there; Mrs. Pearl Neville of Cambridge, Mass., tells of a visit to Keene, N. H., to the home of her old friend Barry Faulkner, the mural artist, to find them keeping cool with our puzzles; Lieut. Col. John D. Kilpatrick, Honolulu, welcomes the exchange of news in the April 12 *SRL* issue in which we mention Cornelia Kellogg, whom he knows as a former roommate of one of his sisters years ago at Bryn Mawr, and he takes the copy thrillingly to his sisters then on a visit from Baltimore to him. Laura D. Usher, Portland, Me., who always pounces on any suggestions of Maine in our DC's (how she'll revel in a quote in Series 32 from her favorite Maine poet!), calls our attention to a story in the March issue of *Town and Country* in which the hero "held in his hand *The Saturday Review* folded to the page with the Double Crostic"; Mrs. Randall D. Farnham, Richmond Hill, N. J., sends us a helpful analysis of her reactions to individual DC's in Series 20, though I doubt whether any two of you would have the same reactions; E. E. Thum, Cleveland, editor of *Metal Progress,* sends a vocabulary from his field; Robert Nichols, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes us with a DC made by family collaboration, as does Prof. Robert Clough, Wyoming University, Laramie; Mrs. Robert W. Horton, proprietor of a new guesthouse at Sudbury, Vt., is surprised to find in the country a fellow DC worker in Mrs. Harry Holden, Orwell. To all of these and others not mentioned we are grateful.

Series 21 may be out by the time you read this. Series 22, now being typed for next spring's publication, is based on research in the libraries of respective New York City publishing houses. This browsing gave me a chance to give you selections from books unwarrantedly shelved due to the whims of the reading public.

If you have discovered in recent DC's a tendency to include strange geographical names containing needed *l's* or *w's,* lay it to the new and useful "Information Please Almanac" that tabulates so conveniently lists of volcanoes, mountains, dams, etc.

Brenda Putnam, distinguished sculptor, and long a DCer, has just published another book, "Animal X-Rays, a Skeleton Key to Comparative Anatomy," as her publishers say, "For young people everywhere, for the budding scientist, for adults, and art teachers, this book is an indispensable guide."

ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 707

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

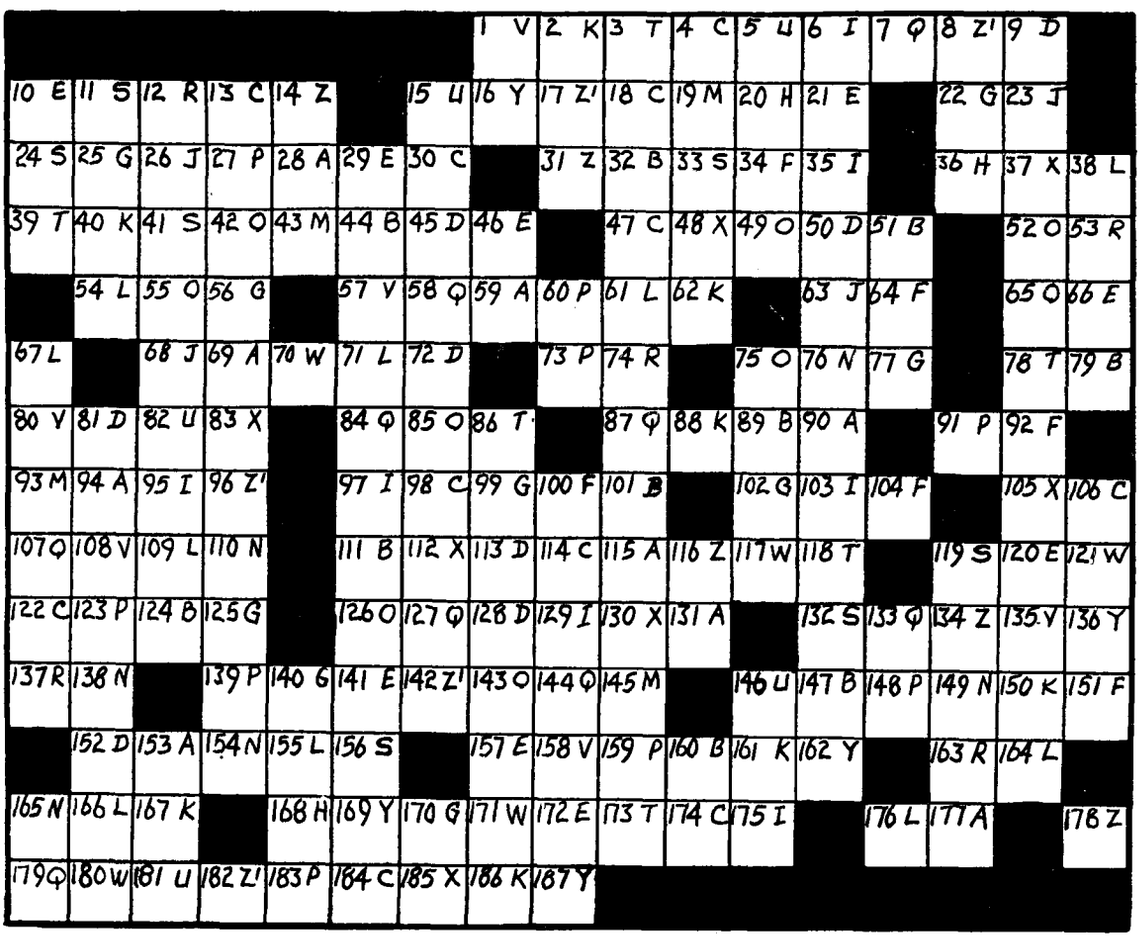
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Checked or suppressed as if by choking.	90 94 153 69 59 177 131 28 115
B. A party cry or pet phrase.	89 32 79 111 160 44 124 147 101 51
C. Catastrophe in America Oct. 8-10, 1871 (2 wds.).	122 30 13 18 174 184 114 47 98 4 106
D. Not requested or solicited.	81 128 9 113 45 152 72 50
E. Separates; sunders.	21 120 46 29 66 10 141 172 157
F. A double dagger (Print.).	151 34 104 64 100 92
G. A side dish or dainty (Fr.).	56 125 102 140 25 170 77 22 99
H. An indefinite term applied in medieval times by Moslems to Europeans.	20 36 168
I. An aromatic herb whose curled leaves are used in soups and salads.	6 103 95 35 97 129 175
J. A prehistoric hero alluded to in "Beowulf" and "Widsith."	23 68 26 63
K. An unknowable object whose existence is purely problematical, esp. God, soul.	150 186 88 2 167 40 161 62
L. A light and familiar talk.	38 166 155 54 67 176 71 109 61 164
M. A Massachusetts leader in the Colonial cause.	19 93 43 145

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. French sculptor (1813 - 78; marble statue of Napoleon, etc., in Paris).	138 149 110 76 154 165
O. Capable of subdividing spontaneously (Biol.).	126 49 143 55 85 65 75 52 42
P. Clustered like grapes.	91 148 73 183 60 139 123 27 159
Q. Title of some ruling chiefs of the principal native states of India.	84 7 133 179 107 127 87 58 144
R. American famous for landscapes, murals, stained glass (1884-1936).	137 74 53 163 12
S. *Remains of a deceased person.*	24 33 119 11 132 156 41
T. Character in "Cymbeline."	173 78 39 118 3 86
U. Shoots or sprouts; rice of second or third grade.	15 181 5 82 146
V. Vexes; molests.	1 57 80 108 158 135
W. *Urth, Verthandi, and Skuld.*	117 171 70 121 180
X. Eastern capital associated with a conference in 1943.	185 83 105 130 112 48 37
Y. Scented; fragrant.	16 162 169 187 136
Z. Russian statesman who negotiated the Treaty of Portsmouth, N. H., 1905.	178 116 14 31 134
Z'. A fool; simpleton.	17 182 8 142 96

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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